THE CHARLEROI MAIL

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VOL. 8, No. 308 CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA. THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1908 One Cent

NOT ENOUGH MONEY SUBSCRIBED TO LOCATE FACTORY; ANOTHER EARNEST APPEAL MADE

Committees Still Hard at Work and are Interviewing Everybody, But Mountain of Labor is Before Them.

THOUGHT SUCCESS WILL BE RESULT

Many Have Given Liberally, and Others Will Follow---Things Have Assumed a Bright Aspect.

Although the Imperial Glass Company were to be let known definately this morning whether or not they should come here to locate at the old Hamilton factory, in other words whether a sufficient amount could be raised by the various committees to warrant them reporting to the representative of the glass company that all was well and to go ahead with the repairs, the committee in charge could not very well decide with any degree of certainity, for the required amount of money was not subscribed. Therefore the members are today reaching those who they have been unable to see before with requests for donations.

Already quite a number have given liberally, so that the head committee can feel a little more confident of success. But therer is not near enough money promised as yet, so another appeal is made to the people.

It will not hurt anyone to give, on [illegible] will most certainly [illegible] What resident [illegible]y that he does [illegible]gressing, see the industries as in Charleroi retain [illegible]anufacturing world, [illegible]ead of the list in [illegible]le? Charleroi has [illegible]served name of Magic [illegible]not very well retain that [illegible] if the citizens have not [illegible]f the city at heart, and will [illegible]k together for its good. All [illegible] exhorted to pull together and help [illegible] committees in whatever way possible. They are doing their work. Let us do ours.

To Hold Picnic.

The Star Sunday School will hold their picnic this year in George Vanderalices woods, near Alexander School house, Saturday August 8. Everybody is invited to attend. Bring your basket along. If it rains will meet in school house.

Old Scottish Sanctuary.

The old sanctuary of the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood House, to quote the full description, was an interesting institution. The debtor was free from arrest during the week. On entering the sanctuary he enrolled himself in a formal manner and obtained a room—that is, if he could pay for it. There was a public house within the boundaries, and it was not uncommon to see the debtor in the inn playing dominos and his creditor standing looking in at the window with wistful eyes. The debtor was safe, and he knew it, and the face of the creditor told the same tale. Sunday being a dies non, the debtor could leave his sanctuary and visit his family, but he had to be careful to get back to Holyrood on Sunday night. Sometimes a debtor had the temerity to leave on a week day, but he did so at his peril.—London Globe

MIGHT HAVE HAD A DIFFERENT ENDING

At the store of Adolph Beigel this morning there occurred an accident which might have ended considerably differently from the way it did. Charley Eneix the store boy, had a broken gun which had been brought from the U. G. P. camp of the 10th Regiment at Gettysburg, and after loading it, accidentaly pulled the trigger. The gun went off, the shot passing near Miss Alma Snyder. She was badly frightened, but there were no serious results. Had the shot been a very few inches more to the right, it would likely have resulted in her death.

The gun was the property of James Blythe, being one that was partially broken by the lightning at Gettysburg when three of the army boys were kliled.

THE FISH IN HIS BED.

Funny Climax to an Angling Experience of General Gallifet.

Long ago, in the days of the second empire, General Gallifet was the aide-de-camp of Napoleon III. At St. Cloud his quarters were just over the imperial bedroom. Everything around him was very grand and very gloomy. The window of his room looked upon the pond that washed the walls of the chateau. The water was clear and the surrounding scenery was beautiful, but the young lieutenant felt like a prisoner. Early one morning, while seated at his window trying to drive away the blues with a cigar, he espied below in the crystal water an enormous carp. The instinct of the angler, strong in Gallifet, made the young man's eyes snap and set his heart throbbing.

The big fish was the private property of the emperor. Consequently for Gallifet it was forbidden fish. But it was such a fine fellow! The resistance of the soldier's conscience was useless. It surrendered unconditionally. The remaining part of the campaign against the carp was simple enough. Gallifet went to his trunk, brought out his trusty line, to which he fastened a hook and an artificial bait. With his accustomed skill he cast his line. The carp was hooked and hauled in through the window.

Here the lieutenant's fun ended and his trouble began. The fish, landed upon a table, overturned a large globe filled with water and caromed from that to a magnificent vase, which it also upset and smashed to pieces upon the floor. Then it began to execute a genuine pas de carpe among the smithereens.

The emperor, hearing the strange racket overhead and seeing the water trickling through the ceiling, was astonished. He rushed upstairs to find out what was the matter. Gallifet heard him coming and endeavored to grab the carp and throw it out of the window and thus destroy the evidence of his poaching in the imperial pond. But the slippery thing was hard to hold, so he tossed it into a bed and covered it up with the bedclothes. When the emperor entered the room, he noticed immediately the quivering bedclothes. He pulled them down and uncovered the floundering fish. His majesty's face assumed an almost jimjamic expression, which gradually faded into a faint smile. He took in the entire situation, saluted and left the future war minister to meditate upon the mysteries of a fisherman's luck.

Notice of Meeting.

Regular meeting tonight of Court 41, T. B. H. A surprise is in store for those who attend. 3081t

The Westside Street Railway baseball team this morning defeated the Belle Vernon Merchants at Wireton by the score of 14 to 8.

OPERA HOUSE TO BE OPEN ANOTHER YEAR

A lease was made yesterday morning, whereby Zimmer Brothers have taken the First National Opera House of Monongahela for the coming season, the First National Bank finally deciding to have the house run for another season. The lease is for the coming season only, no statement being made as to further actions.

The owners of the building have agreed to put the auditorium in good shape, repainting the interior and placing the seats in good order. The lessees have agreed to play nothing but good attractions, and guarantee every show. Bookings are now being made, and the first show will be given early in September. The Zimmer brothers are experienced in the theatrical business, having been mangers of the Gem theatre for several months, and are in touch with all the leading booking agencies of the country. Last June it was decided by the owners of the property to discontinue its use as an opera house, but were finailly prevailed upon to allow its use for one more season. When the house is opened to the public in September it will have been thoroughly renovated, and made attractive to the patrons.

Lover

Lover, P., Aug. 5.—Miss Lena Morton of Kansas, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hiram Robison.

Delbert Carson and family of Charleroi, are spending a few days at the home of Thoms Richards.

Miss Allie Harrison who has spent almost two months at the home of her brother, John Harrison of Uniontown, has returned home.

The gentlemen of Charleroi, who have been camping here the past two weeks left this morning. They left their camping outfit and their wives will occupy the camping ground for the next few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hopewell are at Beallsville today transacting business and calling on friends.

Mrs. Viloren Smallwood spent a few days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Carson near Bentleyville.

Mrs. John B. Greass of Garwood, spent part of last week with her daughter, Mrs. Joe B. Carson.

Hudson Winnett and daughter of Eighty Four, visited at the home of Wm. Wimmett, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kesler of Long Branch, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Hannen.

Mr. and Mrs. Jehu Cooper and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Snyder leave Wednesday for Atlantic City.

Mrs. Sarah Williams had a good horse to die Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Fox leave this morning for Homestead where they will visit Mrs. Fox's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson.

President Moffit at Chautauqua

Chautauquans at Chautauqua, N. Y., will have their first opportunity, in the week of Aug. 9 to 15, to hear Rev. J. D. Moffatt of Washington and Jefferson College. Pres. Moffat is editor of the Presbyterian Banner and two years ago was Moderator of the General Assembly. He is to preach Sunday, Aug. 9, and conduct the Devotional Hours at 10 o'clock the five following mornings. He will preside at the C. L. S. C. Round Table at 4 o'clock p. m. on Aug. 10.

PERSONALS.

Harry Marley has left for Toronto, Ohio, to spend a few days.

Joseph Berkhimer of Zollarsville is in Charleroi today calling on friends.

Mrs. John Jackson is visiting her cousin Miss Thompson of Grove City.

Miss Anna Fitzgerald, of Mt. Pleasant is visiting her uucle, James Shepler of McKean avenue.

John Umbel and Ed Wolfe left yesterday for Niagara Falls and other points for a visit of several days.

Mrs. Edwin McKay and children of Washington avenue have left for Punxutawney to visit relatives.

Adolph Beigel is today displaying at his store guns and articles which belonged to members of the Tenth Reigment who were killed at Gettysburg at the encampment, N. G. P.

UNIONTOWN WITH KRUGER HEAVING DOES THE TRICK

It took Reputation Kruger and the bunch of Pikers behind him just twelve innings to attach themselves to the third and last game of the home series yesterday. At that we don't know but that Willis Humphries twirled just about as good ball as the great one.

Uniontown had two runs at the beginning of the eighth inning when the Cherubs got their first score. In the second inning the Mountainers totaled their first one, without so much as a semblance of a hit. Roberts got on and worked his way around the circuit, scoring after MCloskey's long drive had been caught in center. In the seventh another one came. Cowan singled, was sacrificed to second and waited there until Rudolph singled, when he scored. Frankenberry, the first up in the ninth for Uniontown walked, was sacrificed to second and scored on Price's bid for one base.

Charleroi got her first one in the eighth inning. "Bill" Houser connected for two bases, and reached the third pillow on Humphries out to right field. Nally singled and Houser trotted home. In their half of the ninth inning the Cherubs got two, thus tying the score and sending the game for extra innings. After there were two outs and the spectators were hovering near the exits, Heinz got a walk. Dailey contributed his first hit of the game, a two bagger, landing Pickle on third. Houser then repeated his feat of the inning before getting a beautiful double, scoring both Heinz and Dailey. From that time on until the twelfth it was nip and tuck. Charleroi had men on base in both the tenth and eleventh innings but Kruger tightened each time and held them safe.

The twelfth was full of excitement. Price lead off with a two bagger, and scored on Joe Phillip's single. The latter after being sacrificed to second by Roberts, completed the circuit on McCloskey's drive. Cowan struck out. Charleroi went out in one-two-three order and the game was over. Score:

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r	0	2	0	1	1
Dunn, s	0	2	3	2	0
O'Hare, m	0	0	5	0	0
Cosgrove, 2	0	0	2	7	0
Osborne, 1	0	1	2	0	0
Heinz, 1	1	1	16	0	0
Daily, c	1	2	6	1	0
Houser, 3	1	2	2	2	1
W. Humphries p	0	0	0	9	1
Totals	3	10	36	22	3

UNIONTOWN	R	H	P	A	E
Rudolph, 1	0	1	2	0	0
Price, 1	1	2	17	0	0
Hille, 3	0	0	0	1	0
Phillips, r	1	2	5	0	0
Roberts, m	1	1	3	0	0
McCloskey, 2	0	2	2	5	0
Cowan, s	1	2	1	6	1
Frankenberry, c	1	1	5	0	0
Kruger, p	0	1	1	6	0
Totals	5	12	36	18	1

Charleroi.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 0 0—3
Uniontown...0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 2—5

Two-base hits—Houser 2, Dailey 2, Price. Sacrifice hits—McCloskey, Frankenberry, Dunn. Stolen base—Roberts. Double play—McCloskey and Price. Base on balls—Off Humphries 3, off Kruger 1. Struck out—By Humphries 4, by Kruger 4. Umpires May and Muldowney.

John H. Jones Donats $500.

President John H. Jones, of the Pittsburg and Buffalo Coal company has pledged himself to donate $500 to Old Home Coming fund of Monongahela. A commitee from the association was in Pittsburg Thursday and consulted with Mr. Jones on the matter, with the above result.

John H. Jones is a Monongahela man and has the interest of the town at heart. When Monongahela is concerned he is a sympathetic listner.

His contribution is the first of many of like valuation which are expected.

Birthday Party.

Miss Hallie Risbeck entertained a number of little girl friends at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Risbeck, of Washington avenue, yesterday afternoon and evening, the hours being from 5 to 8. The affair was arranged in honor of her 12th birthday. She received a number of handsome presents. Lunch was served the little guests at 5:30 o'colck.

Mrs. W. L. Kline and daughter Ina have returned home after a visit in Springdale.

COMMISSIONERS GET TOGETHER ON BRIDGE QUESTION

The Washington county commissioners were in Pittsburg yesterday and conferred with the Allegheny county board of commissioners with reference to preparing the specifications for the joint county bridge to be constructed over the Monongahela river at Monongahela, connecting that place with Forward township, Allegheny county. As soon as the specifications are printed bids will be advertised for the work.

The matter of advertising was taken up. The plan adopted by the Allegheny county board, in the matter of bridge work, is to advertise for lump sum bids for both substructure and superstructure. The unit plan prevails in Washington county, the public yard being the unit in bids for concrete work and masonary, and the lump sum for the superstructure. The Washington plan will be adopted in asking bids for the new Monongahela bridge.

About five years ago the courts of both counties turned the present Monongahela bridge over to the counties authorities. It was recently condemned by the war department at Washington D. C. owing to structural weakness and low elevation.

The site of the new bridge will be about 1,000 feet down the stream from the old one. The new bridge is to be built in three spans each 450 feet in length, leaving a wide span in midstream for the passage of boats. The total length of the bridge, with approaches, will he about 1,850 feet. It will be 52 feet above pool full. An estimate of the cost is about $300,000, to be borne jointly by both counties.

COUNCILMAN SCHMIELER RETURNS FROM GERMANY

Councilman Charles Schmieler returned this morning from Germany where he has been for the last two months. He is looking fine and says he had the finest time of his life. Mr. Schmieler brought back a couple of nieces with him, who will likely remain.

Public Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notce is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between H. L. Swickey and D. C. Lindsay, under the firm name of Swickey and Lindsay, was dissolved on the 3rd of August, 1908, by mutual consent.

All debts owing to said partnership are receivable by the said H. L. Swickey, to whom also all claims and demands against the same are to be presented for payment.

H. L. Swickey
David C. Lindsay.

Announcement is hereby made that the pool, billiard, and bowling-alley business, formerly conducted by Swickey and Lindsay has been taken over by the said H. L. Swickey and hereafter will be carried on and conducted by him and in his name at the old business stand, No. 409 McKean Avenue, Charlreoi, Pa.

H. L. Swickey
David C. Lindsay.

308-2t-t-s

Picnic At Eldora.

The Transfiguration church of Monongahela are today holding their annual picnic at Eldora Park. A big supper this evening will be a feature. There will be dancing in the afternoon and evening.

Mrs. James Shepler is spending the day with friends in Finleyville.

SCREEN COVERED WITH WASTE; THEN WATER FAMINE

As a result of the screen over the main pipe leading from the reservoir and connecting with smaller pipes throughout the town, being clogged with waste, residents of part of the hill district for several hours until about ten o'clock this morning were suffering from want of water. Sometime yesterday afternoon the pipes on the streets above Meadow avenue, and those above Crest north of Eighth street were dry, and the residents of that section had to be satisfied with well water for all their wants. The cause of the water being shut off could not be learned by the local officials until this morning when the waste was discovered clogging the screen, and the matter remedied.

The absence of water to the hill district might be called a menance to the town. In the occasion of a fire in that section, the fire company could do little to check the progress of the flames, which would quickly spread and destroy much valuable property. It might be used in defense of the borough in the coming suit between it and the Charleroi Water Company, that the latter does not take the proper precuation in the matter of cleanliness of their reservoir, which lays the town open to a water famine.

BELLE VERNON FIREMEN ARE BEATEN 3 TO 2

The Charleroi Volunteer Firemen demonstrated their ability as ball players last evening on the local lot, when they beat the Belle Vernon firemen. The score when the ninth inning was finished stood three to two, and there was no gainsaying the fact. Province twirled good ball for the locals while Thomspon was on the receiving end. Wilkinson pitched for Belle Vernon.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for their kindness to the family during the sickness and death of our beloved daughter and sister Ruth. Especially do we thank Rev. Bobblitt and choir and the little girls for flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Johns and Family
3081t.

Wanted in Texas.

We want you to join us on our next excursion on August 18 to investigate the chances to secure a home or an investment in the rich Panhandle of Texas. Our lands are situated on the Rock Island Rail Road. This is the healthiest climate, best water and cheapest land in the west. For further information apply to J. S. Douglass, Uniontown, Pa. 307-6tp

WANTED.—Man for tea route. Must be sober and a hustler. Salary. Address Solicitor, Care Mail. 302tf

The Ladies Aid Society of the Lutheran Church will hold a Watermelon Social Thursday evening at the home of Mr. Albert Heupel 921 McKean Ave. All are invited. 2962tp

FOR SALE—A small lot of fine furniture consisting of tables, beds, chiffonier, chairs, etc. Inquire at 627 Washington Ave. 3006-

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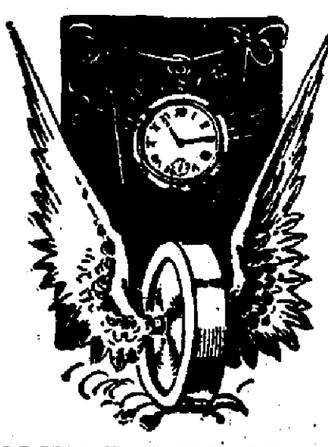

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One Year $3.00
Six Months 1.50
Four Months ..... .75

All subscriptions payable in advance.

Delivered by carrier, in Charleroi at six cents per week.

Communications of public interest are always welcome, but as an evidence of good faith, and not necessarily for publication. Communications must bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES

Bell ..... Charleroi 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press Association

Advertising Rates:

DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first insertion. Rates for large space contracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as business locals, notices of meetings, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

LEGAL NOTICES—Legal, official and similar advertising, including that is settlement of estates, public sales, live stock and estray notices, bank notices, notices to teachers, 10 cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies

Geo. S. Might ..... Charleroi
Clyde Collins ..... Speers
M. Dooley ..... Dunlevy
Isadore Clements ..... Lock No. 4

Aug. 6 In History.

Lord North.

1834—Daniel O'Connell, Irish orator and patriot, born; died 1847.

1792—Frederick North, British statesman known as Lord North, died; born 1733. North became prime minister in 1770 and precipitated the trouble with the colonies which led to the Revolution. The result was disastrous to his fame.

1809—Alfred Tennyson, British poet laureate, born; died 1892.

1907—French and Spanish troops landed at Casablanca under fire from the Moors. French cruiser shelled the town.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:06, rises 4:58; moon sets 8:36 a. m.; moon's age, 10 days; 2:24 today, three-fifths of leap year gone.

What Can He Do?

Supposing by some fantastic freak of fortune Mr. Akens should be chosen as Congressman from the Twenty-fourth District and attempted to carry out the platform promise of his party, what can he do in that direction?

He would find himself confronted by the Southern Congressmen constituting two-thirds of the Democratic representation there and he would be bound by the action of a caucus absolutely controlled by Southern men. Most of these men have served in the Legislatures or as Governors of their various States.

What have been the attitudes of these men toward the things promised the laboring men by the Democratic platform? Have they been that of friendship and of kindly consideration, or have they been that of unrelenting hostility to the aspirations and welfare of the workingmen? There is one method to prove their positions and that is the laws that these people have enacted during their official careers. The laws they have enacted have created a state of peonage in the States of Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, South and North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama. They have created a system of convict labor in Tennessee and Alabama that compels the free miner to compete with the men condemned to work as convicts. They have created a chain-gang system in Mississippi and Florida, whereby a man temporarily out of work can be seized and sold to contractors in railroad and lumber camps, the horrors of which are matters of record in the United States district courts.

Then, again their disregard of the welfare of the workingman is shown in a negative manner by the absence of any mechanic's lien laws, child labor laws, semi-monthly pay laws, check-weighman laws, good mining laws, liability laws, factory laws or any of the things resulting from the beneficial and remedial legislation that crowd the statute books of Republican States of the North. Not only are they absent from the statute books of the Southern States, but any attempt to place them therein has been met with violent opposition from the very men to whom Mr. Akens must look for the necessary support to secure the things the Democratic platform has promised to the workingmen. Will these Southern Congressmen change their life-long hostility to the workingmen at the behest of Mr. Akens? Is a new member, generally, of such potent personality that he can reverse an inherited policy, strengthened and buttressed by selfish interest? He can not. He can only sit there and vote or speak upon such measures as a caucus of labor-hating Congressmen from the Southern State decides that he shall.

It Cannot Be Done.

The Altoona Morning Tribune seems to think, or at least gives the impression that it does, that the over crowding of street cars can be prevented by the conductors, and says: "Referring to the rumored purpose of the State Railroad Commission to recommend that trolley cars be required to limit the number of passengers carried on a single car, the Phoenixvill Republican declares that such a reform is by no means impracticable. And it adds: "We know of at least one Pennsylvania city where conductors are absolutely forbidden to run cars with passengers standing upon either running board or platform." Why then could not this admirable practice be extended to other cities? If it were understood that no more passengers would be permitted to board a car than could be carried comfortably and if a sufficient supply of cars were kept on hand, a great change for the better would soon be witnessed. Nor would there be so much peril to human life as is the case under the present system, a system that transforms men into wild animals sometimes."

The Tribune does not take the human factor into the equation. Much of the over-crowding in street cars is due to the people themselves, each of whom seems determined to get aboard the first car, regardless of life or limb, just as people will risk their lives by running across the track in front of an approaching train and then turn around and watch it pass by.

The insane idea that most people have that they must "get there" at all hazards and risk life and limb to do so, is the prime cause of most of the accidents caused by overcrowding. You see people crowd and push to get a chance to hang on a car by an eyelash, and after they have arrived at their destination stand on the street corner and indulge in idle gossip while a half dozen or more partially filled cars pass by.

Any one desiring to see human nature at its worst has but attempt to enter a street car during "rush hours" and he then can observe what selfishness and brutality man is endowed with. Neither age nor sex is given any consideration and the struggling mass resembles nothing so much as a drove of stampeded Texan broadhorns. Until the American people learn that a few minutes wait does not mean a calamity and a struggle to save them often does, rules, orders, or the number of cars will have no appreciable effect upon the problem of overcrowded cars.

Success In Sight.

The Mail in all confidence believes that in its issue to-morrow it will have the pleasure of announcing that Charleroi has secured the glass works. The matter is now trembling in the balance, so closely does success meet heavy obstacles and as the members of the committee are working intelligently and ceaselessly they will, no doubt, bring the scale down in favor of success.

The people of Charleroi cannot,—must not—fail in the effort to secure that which means so much for this city and if through indifference or neglect or both Charleroi fails to secure that factory an ineffable blot will be placed upon the name of the Magic City and it will become a jeer and byword in the mouths of our enterprising and public-spirited neighbors. Let not the sun go down upon your neglect to subscribe to the fund. You may by word of mouth proclaim your faith in Charleroi but give tangible evidence of that faith by subscribing a sum, no matter how small, towards helping to revive and start Charleroi on the road to industrial greatness.

Read The Mail.

P. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs.

	W	L	Pct.
Uniontown	48	30	.615
Clarksburg	54	35	.607
Charleroi	40	40	.500
Connellsville	39	39	.500
Fairmont	39	51	.432
Grafton	27	52	.341

Yesterday's Results.

Connellsville...5 Grafton.....3
*Uniontown...5 Charleroi.....3
Fairmont ....1 Clarksburg....0

*12 innings

Games Today

Charleroi at Uniontown
Connellsville at Grafton
Clarksburg-Fairmont—Not scheduled

HERE AND THERE

The commission appointed to inquire into the mental condition of Mrs. Ida M. McDaniel, of Washington, yesterday reported their finding to court. They find that Mrs. McDaniel is insane and in their opinion the case is a suitable one for cofinement.

According to Dr. C. B. Wood the Monongahela river must be thick enough to skate on, or will be soon. Soon we may expect to hear of enterprising citizens of the valley walking in the water by the aid of snow shoes. They do say that the great salt lake in Utah don't have much on the Monongahela as to density and odor—Canonsburg Medical Program.

The best news that has come to Scottdale in a long time was the word given out this morning that the No. 1 Plant of the American Sheet and Tin plate Company, of the U. S. Steel Corporation at Scottdale, will resume work next Monday, mills Nos. 1 to 9 at midnight Sunday.

Billy Sunday won't be so independent now that John L. Sullivan has also gone into the evangelist business. The ex-puglist says there's more money in it than there is in vaudeville.

Tillie Phillips and Mrs. Isabella Hall both live at Black Diamond, in houses owned by the same person. In the yard between the two houses is a well which is expected to furnish water for the two families. On Wednesday last the aforesaid well was the cause of a neighborly quarrel which in all probablities will be aired in the county courts.

The Pittsburg Coal Co. relief department last year disbursed $325,984.38 of which $33,994.04 was for fatal accidents. Four hundred and three employes died of diseases, whose families were paid $40,572.25. Two hundred and sixty-six wives of employes died whose husbands received $20,591.88. One hundred and sixty-three parents of employes died for which $8,100 was paid. Eight hundred and sixty-twbo children of emloyers died for which $95,840.62 was paid. For other injured $207,179.09.

FREAKS OF RAZORS.

The Way the Grain of the Blades Is Sometimes Reversed.

The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grains run from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward from the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fiber of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it did on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer points toward the back you have a razor which cannot be kept in condition even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same tool: If you leave the razor alone for a month or two and take it up, you will find that the grain has assumed its first position; The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back.—Strand Magazine.

Basely Deceived.

The Husband—You want to know where I was so late last night? I was at the office balancing my books.

The Wife—It seems to me that you balance your books very often. That excuse is about threadbare.

The H.—H'm! If you don't believe me, why don't you consult a fortune teller?

The W.—Not much. I consulted one once, and she told me a pack of lies.

The H.—Indeed! What did she tell you?

The W.—She told me I would get a rich, handsome, kind, attentive and truthful husband.

Paul's Scarab.

By ANNA MUNSON.

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The professor laid the scarab on the tablecloth and slipped from the room to obtain a magnifying glass.

"I'm glad that there is something about me that he likes," said Dr. Paul Harper grimly. "I asked him last night for permission to marry you, and he told me that he had determined that you should marry a man who would not only appreciate his collection, but would add to it."

Lena Gatton nodded sagely. Already she had received more than a hint of her father's plans for her future happiness.

"He means Professor Katzinger," she explained. "He is here so much and I grow so tired of him."

Paul stroked the little hand that rested on the table.

"It's a shame," he declared. "Katzinger cares more for mummies than he does for flesh and blood people. The idea of asking you to marry a man like that! I won't let you."

"But he is my father," reminded Lena gently. "One must obey one's father."

"Not in any such arrangement as that," cried Paul fiercely. "Let him leave his collection to the museum. They will appreciate it more than Katzy."

The return of Professor Gatton put a stop to the conversation, and Paul

HE FOUND THE PRECIOUS SCARAB ON THE STAIRS.

sat glowering upon the Egyptologist while the old man studied the odd scarab with wondrous eyes.

At last with reluctant fingers he returned the scarab to Paul and went to his study, while Paul and Lena slipped out for a walk. Ever since Paul had been an undergraduate at the college he had loved Lena, and now that he had come back to demand her hand in marriage it was a shock to find that the scientist had determined to sacrifice his daughter, as he had everything else, to his beloved collection.

It was the finest private collection of scarabs extant, and it was the professor's wish that the work might be carried on by his son-in-law. To this end he had looked with favor upon Professor Katzinger, who shared his enthusiasm for the collection.

Lena did not share her father's liking for the German professor, and she was very much in love with Paul, but the habit of obedience was strong within her, and even with Paul pleading his case in person he could not induce her to agree to a runaway match, though she did promise to make every effort to evade a marriage with Katzinger.

With this promise Paul had to rest content, but it was with little of the elation which had marked his coming that he took his departure. It was plain to be seen that the professor cared more for the advancement of his collection than he did for his daughter's happiness, or, more correctly, he convinced himself that the two interests were identical. In the eyes of Professor Gatton, a man who did not care for scarabs was no man at all and not fit to marry his daughter.

His only interest in Paul lay in the latter's possession of the odd scarab, the like of which he had not seen before in his vast experience. He was shocked at the careless fashion in which Paul carried it in his waistcoat pocket, and when just before the younger man's departure he found the precious scarab on the stairs he told himself that it served Paul right if he lost the treasure.

At the moment he had no thought of retaining it, but when Paul, missing the scarab, made inquiry the professor, why he would not say, denied having seen it, and the mischief was done. He told himself that he would pretend to find it before Paul left, but now Paul was gone and the scarab still reposed in the private compartment of the professor's safe, while the finder went about with a heavy sense of guilt.

Not by any chance would it be possible now to "find" the missing treasure, and the impulse for a moment had made him a thief.

The thought gave him an odd sense of anger. He blamed not alone himself, but Paul, whose carelessness had made the theft possible. At first he had argued that it served Paul right, but now the tiny scarab had grown to the weight of a millstone about his neck.

He did not dare take it out and place it in his collection. He did not even dare to look at it himself lest Lena, coming in suddenly, as was her wont, should discover him with the evidence of guilt in his hand.

The evil he had done preyed upon his health. He suddenly grew very old and feeble, and his enthusiasm for his collection waned. The thought that his hobby had made of him a thief was bitter indeed, and in the long silence of the night he tossed sleepless on his bed and cursed the day he had seen the scarab on the stairs.

Paul had taken his loss as a slight thing and after a casual inquiry had let the matter drop, but the professor knew how priceless was the find, and the thought that he had betrayed the confidence of a guest was an additional source of pain to the sensitive old man.

At last his condition became so grave that Lena was alarmed. The professor would not consent to see a physician. He knew well enough that no medical man could bring him relief, and as a last resource Lena wrote Paul asking him to come and see them. Already Paul had gained a reputation as a specialist, and since her father would not go to see a physician the only thing to be done was to bring the specialist to him.

She said nothing of Paul's visit to her father, and she arranged with Paul to pretend that he had dropped off over one train to pay a short visit. They met only at the table, and Paul's first glance told him that his host was laboring under some great mental strain and that nothing could be done until that strain was relieved. With the idea of diverting the professor's attention from his cares he brought out a scarab.

At the sight of it the professor half rose from the table and uttered a hoarse cry of surprise. The scarab was the exact duplicate of the one in the secret compartment of the safe, and, not profiting by experience, Paul was carrying this in his waistcoat pocket, as he had the other.

"There were two?" asked the professor.

"Dozens," declared Paul. "I owe you an apology, professor. I had intended to explain it before, but the loss of the other put it out of my mind. This is not a real scarab."

"It is a copy of the other?"

"No. None of them are genuine. They are luck charms. You remember Dud Gillis of '02? Well, he is selling these as mascots. You must remember the ouija fad. This is a copy of that. You may have this one. It never brought me any luck."

He tossed the stone across the table, and with trembling hands the professor examined the gift. He would have sworn to its genuineness, but in the fact of Paul's statement this could not be so. He experienced an odd sense of relief. He was no less a thief though there was not hanging over him the dread fear that he would not be able to make restitution. He passed the stone back to Paul.

"I meant to tell you that I found the other," he said slowly. "I was wondering how to get it to you."

"Keep them both, then," cried Paul. "They bring me no luck."

"But it does," said the professor earnestly. "It brings you the woman you wish to marry. It is better that my collection should pass to the museum. I would not have my daughter's husband share my craze. Not until lately have I come to that conclusion, and it was this scarab that brought the belief about. After that can you say that it brings no luck?"

"Luck!" cried Paul. "I'm going to write Dud to put the price up to a million dollars—if he can guarantee like results in every case."

He leaned over to kiss Lena, and the professor stole away from the table, free from care at last. Paul's scarab had worked a double cure.

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Settled Through The Settlement.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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No one watching the line of girls thread its way through the aisles of the museums would have imagined that the serious faced young woman who acted as guide was the rich Miss Moultaire. Indeed, judging from the brilliancy of appearance, the other girls looked far more the social star than did the lady of millions in her severely tailored dress and quiet hat.

To Brookfield, wandering among the antiques on the lower floor, Irma Moultaire looked a teacher conducting her fashionable charges on one of their prescribed educational tours. To him the finery of the girls was real and the costly tailored gown of their self appointed guide a simple and unpretentious garment.

He could not realize that the elegant perfection of cut and cloth was the envy of every girl in the settlement class. The girls would have laughed aloud in their glee, could they have read in Brookfield's thoughts the pity that he felt for their beloved leader.

This was the regular Saturday outing of the Settlement club, and Irma took great delight in piloting the girls to the museums and galleries, where she hoped real works of art in time would give them a truer sense of artistic values.

Every week she planned something for the girls, winding up with a little lunch at her home. For the sake of the luncheon the girls endured the art lectures. So both they and Irma were happy.

They passed before a case containing an Aztec collection. The labels were on the opposite side of the case, where Brookfield, who did not require labels, was standing. Antiquities were

"THEN I SHALL HAVE TO TELL YOU HERE," HE SAID RESOLUTELY.

not Irma Moultaire's forte, and when she innocently ascribed the collection to the Egyptian section Brookfield interrupted with a correction.

Miss Moultaire, seeing that enthusiasm and not a desire to open a flirtation with her charges was his motive, courteously acknowledged the correction, and Brookfield, mounting his hobby, rode it hard and fast.

He had the trick of interesting his hearers, and Miss Moultaire, finding that the girls really were absorbed in his little lecture, thankfully retreated into the background.

She, too, found the chat interesting and was very sorry when the last case was reached and they found themselves at the foot of the stairway leading to the art galleries.

"Here is where I shall prove useless," he said to Irma, with a smile. "I thank you very much for letting me run on as you have. I love the collection. I was one of the exploration party that dug it up."

"We should—and do—thank you," disclaimed Irma. "I am sorry that our schedule does not permit us more time. I should be glad to hear the rest."

"Why not?" he suggested. "I am here almost every afternoon."

Irma shook her head smilingly as the little party went up the stairs, leaving Brookfield looking after them, but a couple of weeks later she found herself in the vicinity of the museum and with a little spare time on her hands in the intervals of her social duties.

Brookfield was leaning over one of the cases which an attendant had opened for him, but at Irma's approach he closed the case and hurried toward her.

"You did find time to come!" he cried.

"I have half an hour to spare," was the smiling explanation. "I thought you might be there. I wanted to ask you if you could give a lecture to my class on the exploration work."

"With pleasure," was the prompt answer. "If you will give me the address and name the day, I shall come with pleasure."

Irma named an evening and gave the address of the settlement house. Then they looked over the collection, and the girl marveled at the breadth of his information. His specialty was the Aztecs. He knew the entire field, and there was a genuine enthusiasm about Tom Brookfield which compelled reciprocal interest.

Almost before she realized it the closing time had come, and she had spent two hours in his company. She had sent away her carriage, intending to walk home from the museum, so she permitted him to walk beside her.

From taking an interest in Brookfield's fad she was beginning to take an interest in Tom Brookfield himself. She found him well worth her interest by comparison with the idle men of her own set. Irma admired action, and though Brookfield had only just passed thirty he had been a worker for half his lifetime.

He had not become a monomaniac on his hobby, but he was a good general talker, and, though they met only at the Settlement house or in the museum, a real friendship soon sprang up between them. Irma had a feeling that to invite him to her home would spoil it all, and his dense ignorance of the fashionable and affluent Miss Moultaire was not lifted.

He believed her to be a teacher in a fashionable school who gave a part of her time to settlement work, and they met on a plane of equality which was refreshing to the woman after the fortune hunting she had so often to endure.

One afternoon late in the spring Brookfield came to meet the class and escort them to a private view of a college collection. They had acquired some of his enthusiasm, and he had obtained private views of many collections for them.

Today he came, with a beaming face, and all the afternoon his high spirits were apparent. He never shared the little luncheons which wound up the expeditions, but today he detained Miss Moultaire for a moment.

"There is something I would like to say," he pleaded. "May I walk home with you, or do you have to go with the girls?"

"I cannot very well leave them," she explained.

"Then I shall have to tell you here," he said resolutely. "I can't keep it any longer. I am to be curator of the Cheeswick collection in the fall and at a salary enough for two. Will you share it?"

Only for a minute did Miss Moultaire hesitate; then she placed her hand in his.

"I will share it," she promised, with a radiant smile. "Come this evening, and we will talk it over."

She handed him her card with its engraved address and hurried after the girls, while Brookfield beamed upon her from the top step.

But the beam had faded from Brookfield's face when Miss Moultaire came toward him in her reception room that evening. Instead of clasping her in his arms he held her hand an instant and then waited for her to be seated.

"You must think me a presumptuous fool," he began, "to ask you to share the paltry salary which this afternoon seemed so great. I did not learn until later who you really were. It seems that I have been very dense."

"You are still dense," suggested Irma. "Do you come to ask me to withdraw my promise of this afternoon?"

"You must know how impossible it would appear," he reminded. "I believed you to be a teacher."

"You were the teacher," she corrected. "You taught me what love really is. What does it matter that I have more than you?"

"I would not be considered a fortune hunter," he said slowly.

"And I will not marry one," she retorted. "It is because you are not a fortune hunter, because you love me for myself, that I said 'Yes' this afternoon, and I shall hold you to your promise. Instead of you being curator of the Cheeswick collection we shall have a collection of our own."

Silently he came toward her and looked down into the tender eyes. No word was spoken, but a message was exchanged, and Brookfield knew that such love was not lightly to be set aside by pride. Slowly he sank into the seat beside her and took her in his arms.

"I am sorry that you are not what I thought you to be," he murmured.

"And I," was her tender response, "am glad that you are what I know you to be."

"I'll try to be all you think I am," he promised as he bent to kiss the smiling lips.

And so Miss Moultaire's dread of fortune hunters had been settled through the Settlement.

Salt Water Questions.

The capacity of the average small boy for asking questions is practically unlimited, but we do not remember ever hearing a more searching lot of inquiries than those propounded by a New York boy to his father, who had taken him for a steamer trip on the sound. Here is a partial list:

"Do they call this a sound steamer because of the noise?"

"Is that water down there any wetter than the water in the Atlantic ocean?"

"What makes the water wet, anyhow?"

"How many men could be drowned in water deep as that?"

"If a mamma fish couldn't get any worms in the water for the little fish, would she go ashore and dig for them?"

"Suppose a whale came along and sat for three days on an oyster, so that he couldn't open his shell, would it suffocate the oyster?"

"Doesn't the dampness ever give clams malaria?"

"Does it hurt to get drowned?"

"Is that big man with the gold buttons on his coat the papa of all those men who do whatever he tells them to?"

"Who are those men up there in the little house on the roof playing with the bicycle?"

"Where do all those soapsuds behind the boat come from?"

"Could a locomotive go as fast on the water as this boat?"

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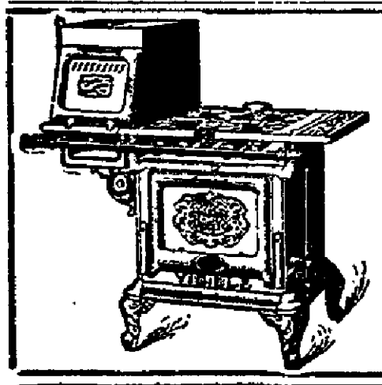

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Wits which are serviceable only in fair weather are not of much use to the pioneer of a new country. All sorts of vicissitudes present themselves to the dweller of the wild regions. Mr. Willey in his "History of the White Mountains" gives an instance of a man whose ingenuity withstood a cyclone. The incident took place in the early days of Jackson.

A terrible tornado passed over the little settlement. It was so strong hardly anything could stand before it. Houses and barns were leveled, trees were whirled about in the air like sticks, and men and women were caught up and carried along for rods.

One house was razed to the ground, and chairs, tables, beds, bedding and children went flying about in the wind. The father of the family, snatching his babies from the rude grasp of the monster, thrust the little folks' heads through two rails of a fence and left them thus secured, with their legs dangling in the wind. He then went to look after his other property.

The five little children remained safe in their fastening and, uninjured, outrode the tempest.

Thought He Was In India.

As a consequence of the frequency with which venomous snakes are met with in India Anglo-Indians spend their whole lives in thinking of their lives and watching out for snakes. When Mr. Kipling reached London from India in his search for fame and fortune he lodged in some small rooms on Villiers street, Strand, up two flights of stairs. One morning a friend called, and when he found himself in Rudyard Kipling's sitting room he was surprised to see a handsome mirror which stood over the fireplace "smashed to smithereens."

"Snakes," said Kipling, noticing the look of astonishment on his friend's face. "I was dozing in my chair yesterday evening, and my foot slipped out of my shoe, which for comfort I had unlaced. Half waking, I felt with my foot for the shoe and began slipping it in when my toes touched the leather tongue. Snake flashed across my sleepy brain. I gave one desperate kick, and when the shoe struck that mirror I realized that I was in London and not in India."

Closing His Mouth.

A very sensible bit of advice expressed in homely language was given by a man not long ago to an excitable and quarrelsome friend. It was in a brickyard, and two of the workmen had engaged in an angry dispute which culminated in a fierce encounter. In the skirmish one of the combatants was nastily hurt on the head, and the employer, who happened to come on the scene of action when the fight was finishing and was a man of more temper than discretion, advised the injured one to get a warrant for the other's arrest. While the matter was being discussed by a number of workmen who had gathered round a big, burly fellow who had heard everything and seen the whole affair made his way to the man with the damaged cranium and said:

"You don't want to get no warrant, Bill. You just go to the chemist's shop and get yerself two pieces of plarster—good big ones—and put one piece on yer head an' the other on yer mouth, an' you'll be all right."—London Mail.

Queer Auctions.

A Dutch auction at Cape Town is frequently exciting. If a house is to be sold, the auctioneer offers "50 golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £5,000." Nobody bids. A pause, and then "50 golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £4,900." This is kept up until a bid is secured. But it by no means follows that the house is sold to this bidder. No, the auctioneer is then at it again. Say that £4,400 is the first bid. The auctioneer cries, "There are 25 golden sovereigns for the first man who has the courage to bid £4,600." Perhaps no one has it. Then £25 is offered for a £4,550 bid. If there is eventually no bid above the £4,400, the man who made that bid is saddled with the house. Otherwise he pockets his bonus and gets off free of it all.—Westminster Gazette.

Gone to Hongkong.

Some time ago a large tea shop was opened in a town near London. To attract customers it was announced that each purchaser of a pound of tea would receive a check for a shilling to buy goods on a certain date. The proprietor did a flourishing trade till the day came for the checks to be presented. Crowds of customers came and were drearily disappointed to see the shutters down and on them a big poster, which read:

"Our compliments to our customers, and we beg to state that we have gone to Hongkong for more tea."—London Express.

Mannish.

Mr. Dubley—How awfully mannish she is! Miss Smart—She is, indeed. Mr. Dubley—Yes, and the funny part of it is she thinks people admire her for being that way. It's queer she doesn't realize that people are only laughing at her. Miss Smart—Well, she's mannish even to that extent.—Philadelphia Press.

Explicit.

One of Manchester's sextons in making his report of burials is explicit to a commendable degree. For instance, such entries as this occur:

"Died, John Green, male; aged three days; unmarried."—London Tit-Bits.

Taking the Count.

James—I wish you hadn't told father to count ten when angry. Mother—Why? James—He has time to get the switch. He used to use his hand when he licked me.—New York Journal.

Personal Mention

Miss Nora Riley is spending the day in Pittsburg.

C. M. Heim, of Reading was calling on friends in Charleroi yesterday.

Mrs. William Oppenheim has left for Atlantic City to spend sometime.

Dr. T. M. Faddis left this morning for Rices Landing to spend a few days.

Miss Mary Phillips left this morning for Weston, W. Va. to spend a week.

William McFall has returned from Chautauqua, N. Y. where he spent a few days.

C. E. Pahl left today for Fairmont W. V., where he has accepted a clerical position with a coal company.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cooper of Fallowfield township have left for Atlantic City for a several days visit.

Misses Janet Campbell and Alice Woodward left this morning for Atlantic City where they will spend several days.

Mrs. Elizabeth Schreibach and daughter, Miss Lottie of Fallowfield avenue have returned home from an extended visit in Toronto, Canada.

SPONGE DIVERS.

Hardly a Single Caphander of Tripoli Escapes Paralysis.

There are a great many varieties of sponges, most of which are found in the warmer parts of the ocean. The bath sponges are chiefly obtained from the eastern half of the Mediterranean, where they occur at all depths down to 200 fathoms and are obtained by diving, dredging or harpooning.

Writing in Harper's Magazine, C. W. Furlong gives an account of the work of the Greek sponge divers off the coast of Tripoli, in north Africa. Attacks by sharks and dogfish have gradually frightened away the common divers, who dive naked with a piece of flat marble and a line, and the field is left clear for the "caphanders," as the men are called who use air pump, suit and helmet.

The greatest enemy of the caphander is paralysis, hardly a single diver escaping from it in some form or other. The great cause of this disease is the sudden relief of pressure due to the rapid ascent, the dangerous symptoms appearing when the diver emerges into the fresh air.

Strange as it may seem, a partially paralyzed diver on descending into the waters recovers the use of his limbs again, and his circulation becomes normal. To battle with this scourge the Greek government has issued regulations as to the depths to which a diver shall go and has also provided a hospital ship and a sponge divers' hospital on shore.

Halevy and the Duc de Morny.

It may not be generally known in what circumstances Halevy owed his advancement in the French civil service to the Duc de Morny. The duke, an amateur of the arts, had begun to write the libretto of a comic opera of which Offenbach was to provide the music. He found that he had not the time—or perhaps that he had not the talent—to finish it. He sought a collaborator, and Halevy came to the rescue and kept his secret. When, therefore, the office of the ministry of Algeria, which he held, was suppressed he had no hesitation in asking his august patron for the post which he sought on the Journal Officiel. "The very thing!" exclaimed the duke. "There is six months' vacation when the chamber is not sitting, so that you will have plenty of time to write for the stage." And he gave him a note to the head of the department, consisting of the simple words, "Make arrangements to give the bearer the post for which he will ask you."—Westminster Gazette.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Lost, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 143tf

FOR SALE—Horse, wagon and harness. Inquire 162 Mail office. 303tf

WANTED—Sewing by the day or week. Children's sewing a specialty 819 Fallowfield avenue. 294tf

CARDS—Call and see our samples of stylish calling cards. Printed or engraved. Charleroi Mail. 134 tf

FOUND.—A pocketbook between Charleroi and Twilight. The owner calling and paying the advertisment and reward shall receive the pocketbook. S. E. Hostetler, near Twilight School, house No. 2. 2066tf

C. E. LANTZ

Successor to Lee Lutes

Dealer in FEED, GRAIN AND HAY

Orders Given Prompt Attention. 201 McKEAN AVENUE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Niagara Falls

AND RETURN

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1908

EXCURSION TICKETS good to return on regular trains until August 12, inclusive, will be sold at the following low rates:

	Regular Trains	Leave	Rate		Regular Trains	Leave	Rate
	A. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.	
Redstone Jc	7.35	4.11	$6 15	Courtner	7.54	11.58	5 50
Smock	8.03	4.50	6 15	Kiramn	7.42	11.16	5 50
West Brownsville	6.18		5 90	West Elizabeth	7.47	11.21	5 50
Brownsville	6.30	10.00	5 90	Clairton	7.52	11.27	5 50
California	6.43	10.12	5 90	Wilson	7.56	11.31	5 50
Coal Centre	6.46	10 15	7 81	Coal Valley	8.03	11 34	5 50
Lucyville	6.50	10.22	5 90	Dravosburg	8.08	11.40	5 25
Allenport	6.55	10 28	5 90	Cochran	8.55	11.45	5 25
Belle Vernon	7.00	10.33	5 75	Oliver	8.10	11.48	5 25
Charleroi	7.06	10.39	5 75	Munhall	8.16	11.54	5 25
Lock No. 4	7.09	10.41	5 75	Homestead	8.20	11.56	5 00
Donora	7.18	10.51	5 75	Twelfth Street	8.32	12.12 pm	5 00
Monongahela City	7.29	11.02	5 50	Fourth Avenue	8.37	12.17 "	5 00

Passengers change at PITTSBURG to regular trains leaving Union Station 9.00 a. m., 1.10 p. m., and 11.00 p. m.

Electric Railway from the Falls to the Whirlpool

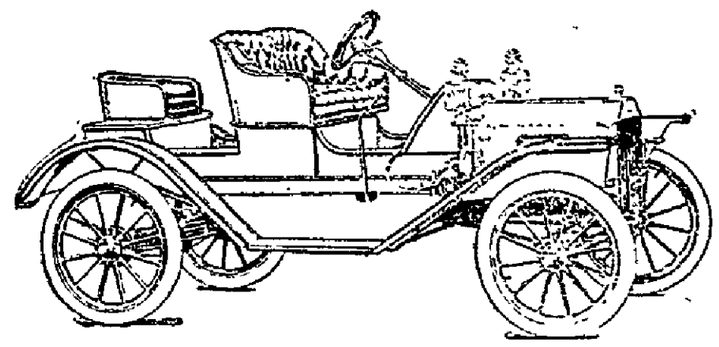
J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager

GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

J 27-29 A 1-6

FAMOUS FORD ROADSTER

Model S Price $750.00



FOUR CYLINDERS, 15-18 H. P.—40 MILES AN HOUR, 30 x 3 TIRES, EQUIPPED WITH 3 LAMPS, HORN AND STORAGE BATTERY.

Guards that entirely protect you from the mud.

This is the BEST Runabout FORD ever offered, and FORD always had the BEST for the money.

The FORD is built for hard service on American roads. Our demonstrations are not confined to Brussels Carpet tests, but we invite the most rigid scrutiny on every part. Write or phone for demonstration.

We have a good proposition to make to a live agent in your city. Write for particulars.

Crescent Automobile Co.

5912-14 Baum Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Phone 480 Highland

BASEBALL

Charleroi base ball Park

Clarksburg

VS.

CHARLEROI

AUGUST 10, 11

Thursday Ladies Admitted Free.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

Entered second class mail at Charleroi, June 15, 1900, according to Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

VOL. 8. No. 308 CHARLEROI, WASHINGTON CO., PA. THURSDAY, AUGUST 6, 1908 One Cen

NOT ENOUGH MONEY SUBSCRIBED TO LOCATE FACTORY; ANOTHER EARNEST APPEAL MADE

Committees Still Hard at Work and are Interviewing Everybody, But Mountain of Labor is Before Them.

THOUGHT SUCCESS WILL BE RESULT

Many Have Given Liberally, and Others Will Follow---Things Have Assumed a Bright Aspect.

Although the Imperial Glass Company were to be let known definately this morning whether or not they should come here to locate at the old Hamilton factory, in other words whether a sufficient amount could be raised by the various committees to warrant them reporting to the representative of the glass company that all was well and to go ahead with the repairs, the committee in charge could not very well decide with any degree of certainity, for the required amount of money was not subscribed. Therefore the members are today reaching those who they have been unable to see before with requests for donations.

Already quite a number have given liberally, so that the head committee can feel a little more confident of success. But therer is not near enough money promised as yet, so another appeal is made to the people.

It will not hurt anyone to give, on [illegible] will most certainly [illegible] What resident [illegible]y that he does [illegible]gressing, see the [illegible] industries as in [illegible] Charleroi retain [illegible]anufacturing world, [illegible]ead of the list in [illegible]de? Charleroi has [illegible]eserved name of Magic [illegible] not very well retain that [illegible] if the citizens have not [illegible]t the city at heart and will [illegible]k together for its good. All [illegible] exhorted to pull together and help [illegible]e committees in whatever way possible. They are doing their work. Let us do ours.

To Hold Picnic.

The Star Sunday School will hold their picnic this year in George Vanderslices woods, near Alexander School house, Saturday August 8. Everybody is invited to attend. Bring your basket along. If it rains will meet in school house.

Old Scottish Sanctuary.

The old sanctuary of the Abbey and Palace of Holyrood House, to quote the full description, was an interesting institution. The debtor was free from arrest during the week. On entering the sanctuary he enrolled himself in a formal manner and obtained a room—that is, if he could pay for it. There was a public house within the boundaries, and it was not uncommon to see the debtor in the inn playing dominos and his creditor standing looking in at the window with wistful eyes. The debtor was safe, and he knew it, and the face of the creditor told the same tale. Sunday being a dies non, the debtor could leave his sanctuary and visit his family, but he had to be careful to get back to Holyrood on Sunday night. Sometimes a debtor had the temerity to leave on a week day, but he did so at his peril.—London Globe.

MIGHT HAVE HAD A DIFFERENT ENDING

At the store of Adolph Beigel this morning there occurred an accident which might have ended considerably [illegible]ley Eneix the store boy, had a broken gun which had been brought from the U. G. P. camp of the 10th Regiment at Gettysburg, and after loading it, accidentaly pulled the trigger. The gun went off, the shot passing near Miss Alma Snyder. She was badly frightened, but there were no serious results. Had the shot been a very few inches more to the right, it would likely have resulted in her death.

The gun was the property of James Blythe, being one that was partially broken by the lightning at Gettysburg when three of the army boys were killed.

THE FISH IN HIS BED.

Funny Climax to an Angling Experience of General Gallifet.

Long ago, in the days of the second empire, General Gallifet was the aide-de-camp of Napoleon III. At St. Cloud his quarters were just over the imperial bedroom. Everything around him was very grand and very gloomy. The window of his room looked upon the pond that washed the walls of the chateau. The water was clear and the surrounding scenery was beautiful, but the young lieutenant felt like a prisoner. Early one morning, while seated at his window trying to drive away the blues with a cigar, he espied below in the crystal water an enormous carp. The instinct of the angler, strong in Gallifet, made the young man's eyes snap and set his heart throbbing.

The big fish was the private property of the emperor. Consequently for Gallifet it was forbidden fish. But it was such a fine fellow! The resistance of the soldier's conscience was useless. It surrendered unconditionally. The remaining part of the campaign against the carp was simple enough. Gallifet went to his trunk, brought out his trusty line, to which he fastened a hook and an artificial bait. With his accustomed skill he cast his line. The carp was hooked and hauled in through the window.

Here the lieutenant's fun ended and his trouble began. The fish, landed upon a table, overturned a large globe filled with water and caromed from that to a magnificent vase, which it also upset and smashed to pieces upon the floor. Then it began to execute a genuine pas de carpe among the smithereens.

The emperor, hearing the strange racket overhead and seeing the water trickling through the ceiling, was astonished. He rushed upstairs to find out what was the matter. Gallifet heard him coming and endeavored to grab the carp and throw it out of the window and thus destroy the evidence of his poaching in the imperial pond. But the slippery thing was hard to hold, so he tossed it into a bed and covered it up with the bedclothes. When the emperor entered the room, he noticed immediately the quivering bedclothes. He pulled them down and uncovered the floundering fish. His majesty's face assumed an almost jimjamic expression, which gradually faded into a faint smile. He took in the entire situation, saluted and left the future war minister to meditate upon the mysteries of a fisherman's luck.

Notice of Meeting.

Regular meeting tonight of Court 41, T. B. H. A surprise is in store for those who attend. 30S1t

The Westside Street Railway baseball team this morning defeated the Belle Vernon Merchants at Wireton by the score of 14 to 8.

OPERA HOUSE TO BE OPEN ANOTHER YEAR

A lease was made yesterday morning, whereby Zimmer Brothers have taken the First National Opera House season, the First National Bank finally deciding to have the house run for another season. The lease is for the coming season only, no statement being made as to further actions.

The owners of the building have agreed to put the auditorium in good shape, repainting the interior and placing the seats in good order. The lessees have agreed to play nothing but good attractions, and guarantee every show. Bookings are now being made, and the first show will be given early in September. The Zimmer brothers are experienced in the theatrical business, having been mangers of the Gem theatre for several months, and are in touch with all the leading booking agencies of the country. Last June it was decided by the owners of the property to discontinue its use as an opera house, but were finally prevailed upon to allow its use for one more season. When the house is opened to the public in September it will have been thoroughly renovated, and made attractive to the patrons.

Lover

Lover, P., Aug. 5.—Miss Lena Morton of Kansas, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Hiram Robison.

Delbert Carson and family of Charleroi, are spending a few days at the home of Thoms Richards.

Miss Allie Harrison who has spent almost two months at the home of her brother, John Harrison of Uniontown, has returned home.

The gentlemen of Charleroi, who have been camping here the past two weeks left this morning. They left their camping outfit and their wives will occupy the camping ground for the next few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hopewell are at Beallsville today transacting business and calling on friends.

Mrs. Viloren Smallwood spent a few days last week with her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Carson near Bentleyville.

Mrs. John B. Greass of Garwood, spent part of last week with her daughter, Mrs. Joe B. Carson.

Hudson Winnett and daughter of Eighty Four, visited at the home of Wm. Wimmett, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Kesler of Long Branch, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Hannen.

Mr. and Mrs. Jehu Cooper and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Snyder leave Wednesday for Atlantic City.

Mrs. Sarah Williams had a good horse to die Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Fox leave this morning for Homestead where they will visit Mrs. Fox's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson.

President Moffit at Chautauqua

Chautauquans at Chautauqua, N. Y., will have their first opportunity, in the week of Aug. 9 to 15, to hear Rev. J. D. Moffatt of Washington and Jefferson College. Pres. Moffat is editor of the Presbyterian Banner and two years ago was Moderator of the General Assembly. He is to preach Sunday, Aug. 9, and conduct the Devotional Hours at 10 o'clock the five following mornings. He will preside at the C. L. S. C. Round Table at 4 o'clock p. m. on Aug. 10.

PERSONALS.

Harry Marley has left for Toronto, Ohio, to spend a few days.

Joseph Berkhimer of Zollarsville is in Charleroi today calling on friends.

Mrs. John Jackson is visiting her cousin Miss Thompson of Grove City.

Miss Anna Fitzgerald, of Mt. Pleasant is visiting her uncle, James Shepler of McKean avenue.

John Umbel and Ed Wolfe left [illegible] points for a visit of several days.

Mrs. Edwin McKay and children of Washington avenue have left for Punxsutawney to visit relatives.

Adolph Beigel is today displaying at his store guns and articles which belonged to members of the Tenth Reigment who were killed at Gettysburg at the encampment, N. G. P.

UNIONTOWN WITH KRUGER HEAVING DOES THE TRICK

It took Reputation Kruger and the bunch of Pikers behind him just twelve innings to attach themselves to the third and last game of the home series yesterday. At that we don't know but that Willis Humphries twirled just about as good ball as the great one.

Charleroi got her first one in the beginning of the eighth inning when the Cherubs got their first score. In the second inning the Mountainers totaled their first one, without so much as a sembiance of a hit. Roberts got on and worked his way around the circuit, scoring after MCloskey's long drive had been caught in center. In the seventh another one came. Cowan singled, was sacrificed to second and waited there until Rudolph singled, when he scored. Frankenberry, the first up in the ninth for Uniontown walked, was sacrificed to second and scored on Price's bid for one base.

Charleroi got her first one in the eighth inning. "Bill" Houser connected for two bases, and reached the third pillow on Humphries out to right field. Nally singled and Houser trotted home. In their half of the ninth inning the Cherubs got two, thus tying the score and sending the game for extra innings. After there were two outs and the spectators were hovering near the exits, Heinz got a walk. Dailey contributed his first hit of the game, a two bagger, landing Pickle on third. Houser then repeated his feat of the inning before getting a beautiful double, scoring both Heinz, and Dailey. From that time on until the twelfth it was nip and tuck. Charleroi had men on base in both the tenth and eleventh innings but Kruger tightened each time and held them safe.

The twelfth was full of excitement. Price lead off with a two bagger, and scored on Joe Phillip's single. The latter after being sacrificed to second by Roberts, completed the circuit on McCloskey's drive. Cowan struck out, Charleroi went out in one-two-three order and the game was over. Score:

CHARLEROI	R	H	P	A	E
Nally, r	0	2	0	1	1
Dunn, s	0	2	3	2	0
O'Hare, m	0	0	5	0	0
Cosgrove, 2	0	0	2	7	0
Osborne, l	0	1	2	0	0
Heinz, 1	1	1	16	0	0
Daily, c	1	2	6	1	0
Houser, 3	1	2	2	2	1
W. Humphries p	0	0	0	9	1
Totals	3	10	36	22	3

UNIONTOWN	R	H	P	A	E
Rudolph, l	0	1	2	0	0
Price, 1	1	2	17	0	0
Hille, 3	0	0	0	1	0
Phillips, r	1	2	5	0	0
Roberts, m	1	1	3	0	0
McCloskey, 2	0	2	2	5	0
Cowan, s	1	2	1	6	1
Frankenberry, c	1	1	5	0	0
Kruger, p	0	1	1	6	0
Totals	5	12	36	18	1

Charleroi.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 0 0—3
Uniontown...0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 2—5

Two-base hits—Houser 2, Dailey 2, Price. Sacrifice hits—McCloskey, Frankenberry, Dunn. Stolen base—Roberts. Double play—McCloskey and Price. Base on balls—Off Humphries 3, off Kruger 1. Struck out—By Humphries 4, by Kruger 4. Umpires May and Muldowney.

John H. Jones Donats $500.

President John H. Jones, of the Pittsburg and Buffalo Coal company has pledged himself to donate $500 to Old Home Coming fund of Monongahela. A commitee from the association was in Pittsburg Thursday and consulted with Mr. Jones on the matter, with the above result.

John H. Jones is a Monongahela man and has the interest of the town at heart. When Monongahela is concerned he is a sympathetic listner.

His contribution is the first of many of like valuation which are expected.

Birthday Party.

Miss Hallie Risbeck entertained a number of little girl friends at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Risbeck, of Washington avenue, yesterday afternoon and evening, the hours being from 5 to 8. The affair was arranged in honor of her 12th birthday. She received a number of handsome presents. Lunch was served the little guests at 5:30 o'colck.

Mrs. W. L. Kline and daughter Ina have returned home after a visit in Springdale.

COMMISSIONERS GET TOGETHER ON BRIDGE QUESTION

The Washington county commissioners were in Pittsburg yesterday and conferred with the Allegheny county board of commissioners with reference to preparing the specifications for the joint county bridge to be constructed over the Monongahela river at Monongahela, connecting that gheny county. As soon as the specifications are printed bids will be advertised for the work.

The matter of advertising was taken up. The plan adopted by the Allegheny county board, in the matter of bridge work, is to advertise for lump sum bids for both substructure and superstructure. The unit plan prevails in Washington county, the public yard being the unit in bids for concrete work and masonary, and the lump sum for the superstructure. The Washington plan will be adopted in asking bids for the new Monongahela bridge.

About five years ago the courts of both counties turned the present Monongahela bridge over to the counties authorities. It was recently condemned by the war department at Washington D. C. owing to structural weakness and low elevation.

The site of the new bridge will be about 1,000 feet down the stream from the old one. The new bridge is to be built in three spans each 450 feet in length, leaving a wide span in midstream for the passage of boats. The total length of the bridge, with approaches, will be about 1,850 feet. It will be 52 feet above pool full. An estimate of the cost is about $300,000, to be borne jointly by both counties.

COUNCILMAN SCHMIELER RETURNS FROM GERMANY

Councilman Charles Schmieler returned this morning from Germany where he has been for the last two months. He is looking fine and says he hat the finest time of his life. Mr. Schmieler brought back a couple of nieces with him, who will likely remain

Public Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notce is hereby given that the partnership heretofore subsisting between H. L. Swickey and D. C. Lindsay, under the firm name of Swickey and Lindsay, was dissolved on the 3rd of August, 1908, by mutual consent.

All debts owing to said partnership are receivable by the said H. L. Swickey, to whom also all claims and demands against the same are to be presented for payment.

H. L. Swickey
David C. Lindsay.

Announcement is hereby made that the pool, billiard, and bowling-alley business, formerly conducted by Swickey and Lindsay has been taken over by the said H. L. Swickey and hereafter will be carried on and conducted by him and in his name at the old business stand, No. 409 McKean Avenue, Charlreoi, Pa.

H. L. Swickey
David C. Lindsay.

308-2t-t-s

Picnic At Eldora.

The Transfiguration church of Monongahela are today holding their annual picnic at Eldora Park. A big supper this evening will be a feature. There will be dancing in the afternoon and evening.

Mrs. James Shepler is spending the day with friends in Finleyville.

SCREEN COVERED WITH WASTE; THEN WATER FAMINE

As a result of the screen over the main pipe leading from the reservoir and connecting with smaller pipes throughout the town, being clogged with waste, residents of part of the hill district for several hours until about ten o'clock this morning were suffering from want of the pipes on the streets above Meadow avenue, and those above Crest north of Eighth street were dry, and the residents of that section had to be satisfied with well water for all their wants. The cause of the water being shut off could not be learned by the local officials until this morning when the waste was discovered clogging the screen, and the matter remedied.

The absence of water to the hill district might be called a menance to the town. In the occasion of a fire in that section, the fire company could do little to check the progress of the flames, which would quickly spread and destroy much valuable property. It might be used in defense of the borough in the coming suit between it and the Charleroi Water Company, that the latter does not take the proper precuation in the matter of cleanliness of their reservoir, which lays the town open to a water famine.

BELLE VERNON FIREMEN ARE BEATEN 3 TO 2

The Charleroi Volunteer Firemen demonstrated their ability as ball players last evening on the local lot, when they beat the Belle Vernon firemen. The score when the ninth inning was finished stood three to two, and there was no gainsaying the fact. Province twirled good ball for the locals while Thomspon was on the receiving end. Wilkinson pitched for Belle Vernon.

Card of Thanks.

We wish to thank our neighbors and friends for their kindness to the family during the sickness and death of our beloved daughter and sister Ruth. Especially do we thank Rev. Bobblitt and choir and the little girls for flowers.

Mr. and Mrs. Johns and Family
308lt.

Wanted in Texas.

We want you to join us on our next excursion on August 18 to investigate the chances to secure a home or an investment in the rich Panhandle of Texas. Our lands are situated on the Rock Island Rail Road. This is the healthiest climate, best water and cheapest land in the west. For further information apply to J. S. Douglass, Uniontown, Pa. 308tf

WANTED.—Man for tea route. Must be sober and a hustler. Salary. Address Solicitor, Care Mail. 302tf

The Ladies Aid Society of the Lutheran Church will hold a Watermelon Social Thursday evening at the home of Mr. Albert Heupel 921 McKean Ave. All are invited. 306tf

FOR SALE—A small lot of furniture consisting of tables, beds, chiffonier, chairs, etc. Inquire at 627 Washington Ave. 306t3-

An Established Custom---Banking by Mail

¶ Banking By Mail has become an established custom among our depositors.

¶ It is not only the people of Charleroi and nearby towns that have taken advantage of the convenience, safety and profit afforded by an account with the First National Bank of Charleroi, but people from all parts of Pennsylvania do their Banking with Us By Mail.

¶ Write to us—and we will write to you—will send you full particulars about Banking By Mail.

4 per cent Interest Paid on Savings Accounts

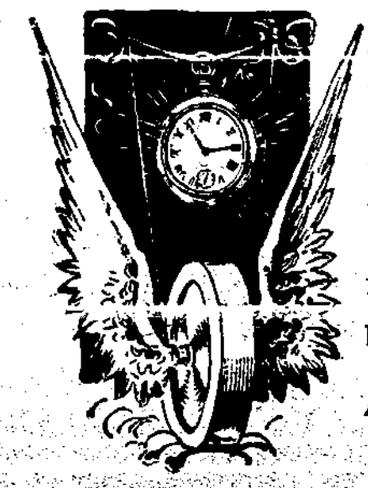
First National Bank
Charleroi, Pa.

Open from 8 to 9 P. M. On Saturdays

Depository for the State of Pennsylvania.

J. K. Toner Pres. F. B. Newton, Vice-Pres. R. H. Rush, Cashier.

You Can Safely and Conveniently Bank With Us by Mail



EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING

Also Jewelry, Clocks, Talking Machines, Revolvers and Umbrellas.

All Work is Guaranteed That is Done at

JOHN B. SCHAFER, Manufacturing Jeweler,

Bell Phone 146-W 515 McKean Avenue Charleroi Phone 160

Store Closed at 6 p. m. Every Evening Excepting Monday and Saturday

THE CHARLEROI MAIL

A Republican Newspaper.

Published Daily Except Sunday by

MAIL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Daily Mail Building, Fifth Street, CHARLEROI, PA.

[illegible] P. Sloan, . . President
[illegible] W. Harpnack, . Sec'y & Treas.
[illegible] E. Price, Business Manager

Entered in the Post Office at Charleroi, Pa., second class matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

[illegible] Year $3.00
[illegible] Months 1.50
[illegible] Months ..... .75

All subscriptions payable in advance.

Delivered by carrier in Charleroi at six cents per week.

Communications of public interest are always welcome, but as an evidence of good faith, and not necessarily for publication, must invariably bear the author's signature.

TELEPHONES

Bell 32 Charleroi 76

Member of Monongahela Valley Press Association

Advertising Rates:

DISPLAY—15 cents per inch, first insertion. Rates for large space contracts made known on application.

READING NOTICES—Such as business locals, notices of meetings, resolutions of respect, cards of thanks, etc., 5 cents per line.

Legal NOTICES—Legal, official and similar advertising, including that in settlement of estates, public sales, live stock and estray notices, bank notices, notices to teachers, 10 cents per line, first insertion; 5 cents a line, each additional insertion.

Local Agencies

[illegible] Knight ..... Charleroi
Hyde Collins ..... Speers
[illegible] Dailey ..... Dailey
Eustace Clements ..... Lock No. 4

Aug. 6 in History.

1775—Daniel O'Connell, Irish orator and patriot, born; died 1847.

1782—Frederick North, British statesman known as Lord North, died; born 1732. North became prime minister in 1770 and precipitated the trouble with the colonies which led to the Revolution. The result was disastrous to his fame. Lord North.

1809—Alfred Tennyson, British poet laureate, born; died 1892.

1907—French and Spanish troops landed at Casablanca under fire from the Moors. French cruiser shelled the town.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.

Sun sets 7:06, rises 4:58; moon sets [illegible] p. m.; moon's age, 10 days; 2:24 today, three-fifths of leap year gone.

What Can He Do?

Supposing by some fantastic freak of fortune Mr. Akens should be chosen as Congressman from the Twenty-fourth District and attempted to carry out the platform promise of his party, what can he do in that direction?

He would find himself confronted by the Southern Congressmen constituting two-thirds of the Democratic representation there and he would be bound by the action of a caucus absolutely controlled by Southern men. Many of these men have served in the Legislatures or as Governers of their various States.

What have been the attitudes of these men toward the things promised the laboring men by the Democratic platform? Have they been that of friendship and of kindly consideration, or have they been that of unrelenting hostility to the aspirations and welfare of the workingmen? There is one method to prove their positions and that is the laws that these people have enacted during their official careers. The laws they have enacted have created a state of peonage in the States of Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, South and North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama. They have created a system of convict labor in Tennessee and Alabama that compels the free miner to compete with the men condemned to work as convicts. They have created a chain-gang system in Missis-ippi and Florida, whereby a man temporarily out of work can be seized and sold to contractors in railroad and lumber camps, the horrors of which are matters of record in the United States district courts.

Then, again their disregard of the welfare of the workingman is shown in a negative manner by the absence of any mechanic's lien laws, child labor laws, semi-monthly pay laws, check weighman laws, good mining laws, liability laws, factory laws or any of the things resulting from the beneficial and remedial legislation that [illegible] the statute books of Republican States of the North. Not only are they absent from the statute books of the Southern States, but any attempt to place them therein has been met with violent opposition from the very men to whom Mr. Akens must look for the necessary support to secure the things the Democratic platform has promised to the workingmen. Will these Southern Congressmen change their life-long hostility to the workingmen at the behest of Mr. Akens? Is a new member, generally, of such potent personality that he can reverse an inherited policy, strengthened and buttressed by selfish interest? He can not. He can only sit there and vote or speak upon such measures as a caucus of labor-hating Congressmen from the Southern State decides that he shall.

It Cannot Be Done.

The Altoona Morning Tribune seems to think, or at least gives the impression that it does, that the over crowding of street cars can be prevented by the conductors, and says: "Referring to the rumored purpose of the State Railroad Commission to recommend that trolley cars be required to limit the number of passengers carried on a single car, the such a reform is by no means impracticable. And it adds: "We know of at least one Pennsylvania city where conductors are absolutely forbidden to run cars with passengers standing upon either running board or platform." Why then could not this admirable practice be extended to other cities? If it were understood that no more passengers would be permitted to board a car than could be carried comfortably and if a sufficient supply of cars were kept on hand, a great change for the better would soon be witnessed. Nor would there be so much peril to human life as is the case under the present system, a system that transforms men into wild animals sometimes."

The Tribune does not take the human factor into the equation. Much of the over-crowding in street cars is due to the people themselves, each of whom seems determined to get aboard the first car, regardless of life or limb, just as people will risk their lives by running across the track in front of an approaching train and then turn around and watch it pass by.

The insane idea that most people have that they must "get there" at all hazards and risk life and limb to do so, is the prime cause of most of the accidents caused by overcrowding. You see people crowd and push to get a chance to hang on a car by an eyelash, and after they have arrived at their destination stand on the street corner and indulge in idle gossip while a half dozen or more partially filled cars pass by.

Any one desiring to see human nature at its worst has but attempt to enter a street car during "rush hours" and he then can observe what selfishness and brutality man is endowed with. Neither age nor sex is given any consideration and the struggling mass resembles nothing so much as a drove of stampeded Texan broadhorns. Until the American people learn that a few minutes wait does not mean a calamity and a struggle to save them often does, rules, orders, or the number of cars will have no appreciable effect upon the problem of overcrowded cars.

Success In Sight.

The Mail in all confidence believes that in its issue to-morrow it will have the pleasure of announcing that Charleroi has secured the glass works. The matter is now trembling in the balance, so closely does success meet heavy obstacles and as the members of the committee are working intelligently and ceaselessly they will, no doubt, bring the scale down in favor of success.

The people of Charleroi cannot,—must not—fail in the effort to secure that which means so much for this city and if through indifference or neglect or both Charleroi fails to secure that factory an ineffable blot will be placed upon the name of the Magic City and it will become a jeer and byword in the mouths of our enterprising and public-spirited neighbors. Let not the sun go down upon your neglect to subscribe to the fund. You may by word of mouth proclaim your faith in Charleroi but give tangible evidence of that faith by subscribing [illegible] helping to revive and start Charleroi on the road to industrial greatness.

Read The Mail.

P. & W. Va. League

Standing of the Clubs.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Uniontown	43	30	.615
Clarksburg	54	35	.607
Charleroi	40	40	.500
Connellsville	39	39	.500
Fairmont	39	51	.432
Grafton	27	52	.341

Yesterday's Results.

Connellsville...5 Grafton.....3
*Uniontown...5 Charleroi.....3
Fairmont....1 Clarksburg....0

*12 innings

Games Today

Charleroi at Uniontown
Connellsville at Grafton
Clarksburg-Fairmont—Not scheduled

HERE AND THERE

The commission appointed to inquire into the mental condition of Mrs. Ida M. McDaniel, of Washington, yesterday reported their finding to court. They find that Mrs. McDaniel is insane and in their opinion the case is a suitable one for confinement.

According to Dr. C. B. Wood the Monongahela river must be thick enough to skate on, or will be soon. Soon we may expect to hear of enterprising citizens of the valley walking in the water by the aid of snow shoes. They do say that the great salt lake in Utah don't have much on the Monongahela as to density and odor—Canonsburg Medical Program.

The best news that has come to Scottdale in a long time was the word given out this morning that the No. 1 Plant of the American Sheet and Tin plate Company, of the U. S. Steel Corporation at Scottdale, will resume work next Monday, mills Nos. 1 to 9 at midnight Sunday.

Billy Sunday won't be so independent now that John L. Sullivan has also gone into the evangelist business. The ex-puglist says there's more money in it than there is in vaudeville.

Tillie Phillips and Mrs. Isabella Hall both live at Black Diamond, in houses owned by the same person. In the yard between the two houses is a well which is expected to furnish water for the two families. On Wednesday last the aforesaid well was the cause of a neighborly quarrel which in all probabilities will be aired in the county courts.

The Pittsburg Coal Co. relief department last year disbursed $325,984.38 of which $33,994.04 was for fatal accidents. Four hundred and three employes died of diseases, whose families were paid $40,572.25. Two hundred and sixty-six wives of employes died whose husbands received $20,591.88. One hundred and sixty-three parents of employes died for which $8,100 was paid. Eight hundred and sixty-twbo children of emloyers died for which $95,349.62 was paid. For other injured $207,179.09.

FREAKS OF RAZORS.

The Way the Grain of the Blades Is Sometimes Reversed.

The finest grades of razors are so delicate that even the famous Damascus sword blades cannot equal them in texture. It is not generally known that the grain of a Swedish razor is so sensitive that its general direction is changed after a short service. When you buy a fine razor the grains run from the upper end of the outer point in a diagonal direction toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain appears to be straight up and down. Subsequent use will drag the grain outward from the edge, so that after steady use for several months the fiber of the steel occupies a position exactly the reverse of that which it did on the day of purchase. The process also affects the temper of the blade, and when the grain sets from the lower outer points toward the back you have a razor which cannot be kept in condition even by the most conscientious barber. But here's another curious freak that will take place in the same tool: If you leave the razor alone for a month or two and take it up, you will find that the grain has assumed its first position. The operation can be repeated until the steel is worn through to the back.—Strand Magazine.

Basely Deceived.

The Husband—You want to know where I was so late last night? I was at the office balancing my books.

The Wife—It seems to me that you balance your books very often. That excuse is about threadbare.

The H.—H'm! If you don't believe me, why don't you consult a fortune teller?

The W.—Not much. I consulted one once, and she told me a pack of lies.

The H.—Indeed! What did she tell you?

The W.—She told me I would get a rich, handsome, kind, attentive and truthful husband.

Paul's Scarab.

BY ANNA MUNSON.

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The professor laid the scarab on the tablecloth and slipped from the room to obtain a magnifying glass.

"I'm glad that there is something about me that he likes," said Dr. Paul Harper grimly. "I asked him last night for permission to marry you, and he told me that he had determined that you should marry a man who would not only appreciate his collection, but would add to it."

Lena Gatton nodded sagely. Already she had received more than a hint of her father's plans for her future happiness.

"He means Professor Katzinger," she explained. "He is here so much and I grow so tired of him."

Paul stroked the little hand that rested on the table.

"It's a shame," he declared. "Katzinger cares more for mummies than [illegible] idea of asking you to marry a man like that! I won't let you."

"But he is my father," reminded Lena gently. "One must obey one's father."

"Not in any such arrangement as that," cried Paul fiercely. "Let him leave his collection to the museum. They will appreciate it more than Katzy."

The return of Professor Gatton put a stop to the conversation, and Paul

HE FOUND THE PRECIOUS SCARAB ON THE STAIRS.

sat glowering upon the Egyptologist while the old man studied the old scarab with wondrous eyes.

At last with reluctant fingers he returned the scarab to Paul and went to his study, while Paul and Lena slipped out for a walk. Ever since Paul had been an undergraduate at the college he had loved Lena, and now that he had come back to demand her hand in marriage it was a shock to find that the scientist had determined to sacrifice his daughter, as he had everything else, to his beloved collection.

It was the finest private collection of scarabs extant, and it was the professor's wish that the work might be carried on by his son-in-law. To this end he had looked with favor upon Professor Katzinger, who shared his enthusiasm for the collection.

Lena did not share her father's liking for the German professor, and she was very much in love with Paul, but the habit of obedience was strong within her, and even with Paul pleading his case in person he could not induce her to agree to a runaway match, though she did promise to make every effort to evade a marriage with Katzinger.

With this promise Paul had to rest content, but it was with little of the elation which had marked his coming that he took his departure. It was plain to be seen that the professor cared more for the advancement of his collection than he did for his daughter's happiness, or, more correctly, he convinced himself that the two interests were identical. In the eyes of Professor Gatton, a man who did not care for scarabs was no man at all and not fit to marry his daughter.

His only interest in Paul lay in the latter's possession of the odd scarab, the like of which he had not seen before in his vast experience. He was shocked at the careless fashion in which Paul carried it about in his waistcoat pocket, and when just before the younger man's departure, he found the precious scarab on the stairs, he told himself that it served Paul right if he lost the treasure.

At the moment he had no thought of retaining it, but when Paul, missing the scarab, made inquiry the professor, why he would not say, denied having seen it, and the mischief was done. He told himself that he would pretend to find it before Paul left, but now Paul was gone and the scarab still reposed in the private compartment of the professor's safe, while the finder went about with a heavy sense of guilt.

Not by any chance would it be possible now to "find" the missing treasure, and the impulse for a moment had made him a thief.

The thought gave him an odd sense of anger. He blamed not alone himself, but Paul, whose carelessness had made the theft possible. At first he had argued that it served Paul right, but now the tiny scarab had grown to the weight of a millstone about his neck.

He did not dare take it out and place it in his collection. He did not even dare to look at it himself lest Lena, coming in suddenly, as was her wont, should discover him with the evidence of guilt in his hand.

His health. He suddenly grew very old and feeble, and his enthusiasm for his collection waned. The thought that his hobby had made of him a thief was bitter indeed, and in the long silence of the night he tossed sleepless on his bed and cursed the day he had seen the scarab on the stairs.

Paul had taken his loss as a matter of course and after a casual inquiry had let the matter drop, but the professor knew how priceless was the find, and the thought that he had betrayed the confidence of a guest was an additional source of pain to the sensitive old man.

At last his condition became so grave that Lena was alarmed. The professor would not consent to see a physician. He knew well enough that no medical man could bring him relief, and as a last resource Lena wrote Paul asking him to come and see them. Already Paul had gained a reputation as a specialist, and since her father would not go to see a physician the only thing to be done was to bring the specialist to him.

She said nothing of Paul's visit to her father, and she arranged with Paul to pretend that he had dropped off over one train to pay a short visit. They met only at the table, and Paul's first glance told him that his host was laboring under some great mental strain and that nothing could be done until that strain was relieved. With the idea of diverting the professor's attention from his cares he brought out a scarab.

At the sight of it the professor half rose from the table and uttered a hoarse cry of surprise. The scarab was the exact duplicate of the one in the secret compartment of the safe, and, not profiting by experience, Paul was carrying this in his waistcoat pocket, as he had the other.

"There were two?" asked the professor.

"Lozens," declared Paul. "I owe you an apology, professor. I had intended to explain it before, but the loss of the other put it out of my mind. This is not a real scarab."

"It is a copy of the other?"

"No. None of them are genuine. They are luck charms. You remember Dud Gillis of '02? Well, he is selling these as mascots. You must remember the ouija fad. This is a copy of that. You may have this one. It never brought me any luck."

He tossed the stone across the table, and with trembling hands the professor examined the gift. He would have sworn to its genuineness, but in the face of Paul's statement this could not be so. He experienced an odd sense of relief. He was no less a thief though there was not hanging over him the dread fear that he would not be able to make restitution. He passed the stone back to Paul.

"I meant to tell you that I found the other," he said slowly. "I was wondering how to get it to you."

"Keep them both, then," cried Paul. "They bring me no luck."

"But it does," said the professor earnestly. "It brings you the woman you wish to marry. It is better that my collection should pass to the museum. I would not have my daughter's husband share my craze. Not until lately have I come to that conclusion, and it was this scarab that brought the belief about. After that can you say that it brings no luck?"

"Luck!" cried Paul. "I'm going to write Dud to put the price up to a million dollars—if he can guarantee like results in every case."

He leaned over to kiss Lena, and the professor stole away from the table, free from care at last. Paul's scarab had worked a double cure.

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Settled Through The Settlement.

By LULU JOHNSON.

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No one watching the line of girls thread its way through the aisles of the museums would have imagined that the serious faced young woman who acted as guide was the rich Miss Moultaire. Indeed, judging from the brilliancy of appearance, the other girls looked far more the social star than did the lady of millions in her severely tailored dress and quiet hat.

To Brookfield, wandering among the antiques on the lower floor, Irma Moultaire looked a teacher conducting her fashionable charges on one of their prescribed educational tours. To him the finery of the girls was real and the costly tailored gown of their self appointed guide a simple and unpretentious garment.

He could not realize that the elegant perfection of cut and cloth was the envy of every girl in the settlement class. The girls would have laughed aloud in their glee could they have read in Brookfield's thoughts [illegible] that he felt for their beloved leader.

This was the regular Saturday outing of the Settlement club, and Irma took great delight in piloting the girls to the museums and galleries, where she hoped real works of art in time would give them a truer sense of artistic values.

Every week she planned something for the girls, winding up with a little lunch at her home. For the sake of the luncheon the girls endured the art lectures. So both they and Irma were happy.

They passed before a case containing an Aztec collection. The labels were on the opposite side of the case, where Brookfield, who did not require labels, was standing. Antiquities were

"THEN I SHALL HAVE TO TELL YOU HERE," HE SAID RESOLUTELY.

not Irma Moultaire's forte, and when she innocently ascribed the collection to the Egyptian section Brookfield interrupted with a correction.

Miss Moultaire, seeing [illegible] enthusiasm and not a desire to open a diriation with her charges was his motive, courteously acknowledged the correction, and Brookfield, mounting his hobby, rode it hard and fast.

He had the trick of interesting his hearers, and Miss Moultaire, finding that the girls really were absorbed in his little lecture, thankfully retreated into the background.

She, too, found the chat interesting and was very sorry when the last case was reached and they found themselves at the foot of the stairway leading to the art galleries.

"Here is where I shall prove useless," he said to Irma, with a smile. "I thank you very much for letting me run on as you have. I love the collection. I was one of the exploration party that dug it up."

"We should—and do—thank you," disclaimed Irma. "I am sorry that our schedule does not permit us more time. I should be glad to hear the rest."

"Why not?" he suggested. "I am here almost every afternoon."

Irma shook her head smilingly as the little party went up the stairs, leaving Brookfield looking after them, but a couple of weeks later she found herself in the vicinity of the museum and with a little spare time on her hands in the intervals of her social duties.

Brookfield was leaning over one of the cases which an attendant had opened for him, but at Irma's approach he closed the case and hurried toward her.

"You did find time to come!" he cried.

"I have half an hour to spare," was the smiling explanation. "I thought you might be there. I wanted to ask you if you could give a lecture to my class on the exploration work."

"With pleasure," was the prompt answer. "If you will give me the address and name the day, I shall come with pleasure."

Irma named an evening and gave the address of the settlement house. Then they looked over the collection, and the girl marveled at the breadth of [illegible] Aztecs. He knew the entire field, and there was a genuine enthusiasm about Tom Brookfield which compelled reciprocal interest.

Almost before she realized it the closing time had come, and she had spent two hours in his company. She had sent away her carriage, intending to walk home from the museum, so she permitted him to walk beside her.

From taking an interest in Brookfield's fad she was beginning to take an interest in Tom Brookfield himself. She found him well worth her interest by comparison with the idle men of her own set. From admired action, and though Brookfield had only just passed thirty he had been a worker for half his lifetime.

He had not become a monomaniac on his hobby, but he was a good general talker, and, though they met only at the Settlement house or in the museum, a real friendship soon sprang up between them. Irma had a feeling that to invite him to her home would spoil it all, and his dense ignorance of the fashionable and affluent Miss Moultaire was not lifted.

He believed her to be a teacher in a fashionable school who gave a part of her time to settlement work, and they met on a plane of equality which was refreshing to the woman after the fortune hunting she had so often to endure.

One afternoon late in the spring Brookfield came to meet the class and escort them to a private view of a college collection. They had acquired some of his enthusiasm, and he had obtained private views of many collections for them.

Today he came with a beaming face and in the [illegible] were apparent. He never missed the little luncheons which wound up the expeditions, but today he declined Miss Moultaire for a moment.

"There is something I would like to say," he pleaded. "May I walk home with you, or do you have to go with the girls?"

"I cannot [illegible] leave them," she explained.

"Then I shall have to tell you here," he said resolutely. "I can't keep it any longer. I am to be curator of the Cheeswick collection in the fall and at a salary enough for two. Will you share it?"

Only for a minute did Miss Moultaire hesitate; then she placed her hand in his.

"I will share it," she promised, with a radiant smile. "Come this evening, and we will talk it over."

She handed him her card with its engraved address and hurried after the girls, while Brookfield beamed upon her from the top step.

But the beam had faded from Brookfield's face when Miss Moultaire came toward him in her reception room that evening. Instead of clasping her in his arms he held her hand an instant and then waited for her to speak.

"You must think me a presuming sous fool," he began. "To walk [illegible] have the paltry salary which this afternoon seemed so great. I did not learn until later who you really were. It seems that I have been very dense."

"You are still dense," suggested Irma. "Do you come to ask me to withdraw my promise of this afternoon?"

"You must know how impossible it would appear," he reminded. "I believed you to be a teacher."

"You were the teacher," she corrected. "You taught me what love really is. What does it matter that I have more than you?"

"I would not be considered a fortune hunter," he said slowly.

"And I will not marry one," she retorted. "It is because you are not a fortune hunter, because you love me for myself, that I said 'Yes' this afternoon, and I shall hold you to your promise. Instead of you being curator of the Cheeswick collection we shall have a collection of our own."

Silently he came toward her and looked down into the tender eyes. No word was spoken, but a message was exchanged, and Brookfield knew that such love was not lightly to be set aside by pride. Slowly he sank into the seat beside her and took her in his arms.

"I am sorry that you are not what I thought you to be," he murmured.

"And I," was her tender response, "am glad that you are what I know you to be."

"I'll try to be all you think I am," he promised as he bent to kiss the smiling lips.

And so Miss Moultaire's dread of fortune hunters had been settled through the Settlement.

Salt Water Questions.

The capacity of the average small boy for asking questions is practically unlimited, but we do not remember ever hearing a more searching lot of inquiries than those propounded by a New York boy to his father, who had taken him for a steamer trip on the sound. Here is a partial list:

"Do they call this a sound steamer because of the noise?"

"Is that water down there any wetter than the water in the Atlantic ocean?"

"What makes the water wet, anyhow?"

"How many men could be drowned in water deep as that?"

"If a mamma fish couldn't get any worms in the water for the little fish, would she go ashore and dig for them?"

"Suppose a whale came along and sat for three days on an oyster, so that he couldn't open his shell, would it suffocate the oyster?"

"Doesn't the dampness ever give clams malaria?"

"Does it hurt to get drowned?"

"Is that big man with the gold buttons on his coat the papa of all those men who do whatever he tells them [illegible]?"

"Who are those men up there in the little house on the roof playing with the bicycle?"

"Where do all those soapsuds behind the boat come from?"

"Could a locomotive go as fast on the water as this boat?"

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REMNANT SALE CONTINUED

We are determined to make this sale a success and made prices on remnants to do it. We succeeded as there were more buyers the first day than any Remnant Day we ever had. After such a sale there are any amount of Remnants and other goods in every department that were mussed. All these from Silks, Embroideries and Dress Goods to Suits, Skirts or Muslin Underwear bear the red ticket Remnant Day Prices. Not only remnants, but surplus lots, some advertised, some not—all these at REMNANT DAY RED INK PRICES.

All Remnants Left Over Will be on Sale Saturday and Monday

Wonderful Remnant Sale

Berryman's

CHARLEROI'S LIVE STORE

IF DOLLARS COULD BE PLUCKED

like roses everybody could have his or her portrait painted by a famous artist. But they don't grow that way, so the next best thing is to have some first-class photographs taken.

Our photographs are so artistic that they rival the work of famous painters in their life-like attractiveness. Come and see the living, breathing, speaking portraits we have made of some of your friends. You will surely want a similar portrait of yourself.

The Babbitt Studio, Charleroi, Pa.

Advertise in the Mail

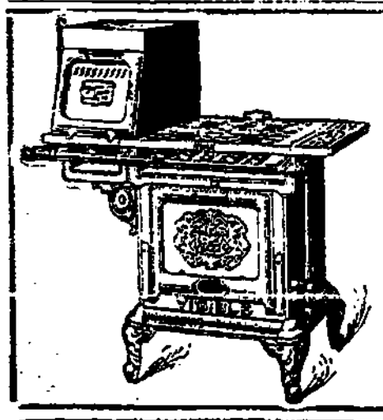
... BRICK ...

California Clay Manufacturing Co.

Get our Prices on

Common and Face Brick

Room 21, Trust Co. Bldg. CHARLEROI, PA.



J. M. FLEMING

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING .....

Gas Ranges and Chandeliers, Garden Hose and Gas Hose

Masonic Building

Charleroi, Pa.

Buy Green Goods at Masters'

We are handling so much in the line of green goods that you are always sure of your purchases being fresh. When thinking about something dainty and nice for the table don't forget that we are always glad to send little purchases to the house in time for the next meal.

J. E. MASTERS & CO.

Fourth St. and Fallowfield Ave. Charleroi, Pa.

A Place of Safety.

With which are serviceable only in fair weather are not of much use to the pioneer of a new country. All sorts of vicissitudes present themselves to the dweller of the wild regions. Mr. Willey in his "History of the White Mountains" gives an instance of a man whose ingenuity withstood a cyclone. The incident took place in the early days of Jackson.

A terrible tornado passed over the little settlement. It was so strong hardly anything could stand before it. Houses and barns were leveled, trees were whirled about in the air like sticks, and men and women were caught up and carried along for rods.

One house was razed to the ground, and chairs, tables, beds, bedding and children went flying about in the wind. The father of the family, snatching his babies from the rude grasp of the monster, thrust the little folks' heads through two rails of a fence and left them thus secured, with their legs dangling in the wind. He then went to look after his other property.

The five little children remained safe in their fastening and, uninjured, outrode the tempest.

Thought to Be Wise in India.

As a consequence of the frequency with which venomous snakes are met with in India Anglo-Indians spend their whole lives in thinking of their lives and watching out for snakes. When Mr. Kipling reached London from India in his search for fame and fortune he lodged in some small rooms on Villiers street, Strand, up two flights of stairs. One morning a friend called, and when he found himself in Rudyard Kipling's sitting room he was surprised to see a handsome mirror which stood over the fireplace "smashed to smithereens."

"Snakes," said Kipling, noticing the look of astonishment on his friend's face. "I was dozing in my chair yesterday evening, and my foot slipped out of my shoe, which for comfort I had unlaced. Half waking, I felt with my foot for the shoe and began slipping it in when my toes touched the leather tongue. Snake flashed across my sleepy brain. I gave one desperate kick, and when the shoe struck that mirror I realized that I was in London and not in India."

Closing His Mouth.

A very sensible bit of advice expressed in homely language was given by a man not long ago to an excitable and quarrelsome friend. It was in a brickyard, and two of the workmen had engaged in an angry dispute which culminated in a fierce encounter. In the skirmish one of the combatants was nastily hurt on the head, and the employer, who happened to come on the scene of action when the fight was finishing and was a man of more temper than discretion, advised the injured one to get a warrant for the other's arrest. While the matter was being discussed by a number of workmen who had gathered round a big, burly fellow who had heard everything and seen the whole affair made his way to the man with the damaged cranium and said:

"You don't want to get no warrant, Pat. You just go to the chemist's shop and get yerself two pieces of plarster—good big ones—and put one piece on yer head an' the other on yer mouth, an' you'll be all right."—London Mail.

Queer Auctions.

A Dutch auction at Cape Town is frequently exciting. If a house is to be sold, the auctioneer offers "50 golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £5,000." Nobody bids. A pause, and then "50 golden sovereigns for the man who first bids £4,900." This is kept up until a bid is secured. But it by no means follows that the house is sold to this bidder. No, the auctioneer is then at it again. Say that £4,400 is the first bid. The auctioneer cries, "There are 25 golden sovereigns for the first man who has the courage to bid £4,600." Perhaps no one has it. Then £25 is offered for a £4,550 bid. If there is eventually no bid above the £4,400, the man who made that bid is saddled with the house. Otherwise he pockets his bonus and gets off free of it all.—Westminster Gazette.

Gone to Hongkong.

Some time ago a large tea shop was opened in a town near London. To attract customers it was announced that each purchaser of a pound of tea would receive a check for a shilling to buy goods on a certain date. The proprietor did a flourishing trade till the day came for the checks to be presented. Crowds of customers came and were drearily disappointed to see the shutters down and on them a big poster, which read:

"Our compliments to our customers, and we beg to state that we have gone to Hongkong for more tea."—London Express.

Mannish.

Mr. Dubley—How awfully mannish she is! Miss Smart—She is, indeed. Mr. Dubley—Yes, and the funny part of it is she thinks people admire her for being that way. It's queer she doesn't realize that people are only laughing at her. Miss Smart—Well, she's mannish even to that extent.—Philadelphia Press.

Explicit.

One of Manchester's sextons in making his report of burials is explicit to a commendable degree. For instance, such entries as this occur:

"Died, John Green, male; aged three days; unmarried."—London Tit-Bits.

Taking the Count.

James—I wish you hadn't told father to count ten when angry. Mother—Why? James—He has time to get the switch. He used to use his hand when he licked me.—New York Journal.

Personal Mention

Miss Nora Riley is spending the day in Pittsburg.

C. M. Heim, of Reading was calling on friends in Charleroi yesterday.

Mrs. William Oppenheim has left for Atlantic City to spend sometime.

Dr. T. M. Faddis left this morning for Rices Landing to spend a few days.

Miss Mary Phillips left this morning for Weston, W. Va. to spend a week.

William McFall has returned from Chautauqua, N. Y. where he spent a few days.

C. E. Pabl left today for Fairmont W. V., where he has accepted a clerical position with a coal company.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Cooper of Fallowfield township have left for Atlantic City for a several days visit.

Misses Janet Campbell and Alice Woodward left this morning for Atlantic City where they will spend several days.

Mrs. Elizabeth Schreibach and daughter, Miss Lottie of Fallowfield avenue have returned home from an extended visit in Toronto, Canada.

SPONGE DIVERS.

Hardly a Single Caphander of Tripoli Escapes Paralysis.

There are a great many varieties of sponges, most of which are found in the warmer parts of the ocean. The bath sponges are chiefly obtained from the eastern half of the Mediterranean, where they occur at all depths down to 200 fathoms and are obtained by diving, dredging or harpooning.

Writing in Harper's Magazine, C. W. Furlong gives an account of the work of the Greek sponge divers off the coast of Tripoli, in north Africa. Attacks by sharks and dogfish have gradually frightened away the common divers, who dive naked with a piece of flat marble and a line, and the field is left clear for the "caphanders," as the men are called who use air pump, suit and helmet.

The greatest enemy of the caphander is paralysis, hardly a single diver escaping from it in some form or other. The great cause of this disease is the sudden relief of pressure due to the rapid ascent, the dangerous symptoms appearing when the diver emerges into the fresh air.

Strange as it may seem, a partially paralyzed diver on descending into the waters recovers the use of his limbs again, and his circulation becomes normal. To battle with this scourge the Greek government has issued regulations as to the depths to which a diver shall go and has also provided a hospital ship and a sponge divers' hospital on shore.

Halevy and the Duc de Morny.

It may not be generally known in what circumstances Halevy owed his advancement in the French civil service to the Duc de Morny. The duke, an amateur of the arts, had begun to write the libretto of a comic opera of which Offenbach was to provide the music. He found that he had not the time—or perhaps that he had not the talent—to finish it. He sought a collaborator, and Halevy came to the rescue and kept his secret. When, therefore, the office of the ministry of Algeria, which he held, was suppressed he had no hesitation in asking his august patron for the post which he sought on the Journal Officiel. "The very thing!" exclaimed the duke. "There is six months' vacation when the chamber is not sitting, so that you will have plenty of time to write for the stage." And he gave him a note to the head of the department, consisting of the simple words, "Make arrangements to give the bearer the post for which he will ask you."—Westminster Gazette.

THE CHARLEROI MAIL WANT COLUMN

ONE CENT PER WORD each insertion if PAID IN ADVANCE. No ad. taken for less than 25 cents. This rate includes Lost, For Rent, For Sale, Found, Wanted, Etc.

WANTED—Everybody to know that the Mail takes orders for high class engraving of calling cards and invitations. 143tf

FOR SALE—Horse, wagon and harness. Inquire 162 Mail office. 303tf

WANTED—Sewing by the day or week. Children's sewing a specialty 819 Fallowfield avenue. 294tf

CARDS—Call and see our samples of stylish calling cards. Printed or engraved. Charleroi Mail. 134 tf

FOUND.—A pocketbook between Charleroi and Twilight. The owner calling and paying the advertisment and reward shall receive the pocketbook. S. E. Hostetler, near Twilight School house No. 2. 2066tf

C. E. LANTZ

Successor to Lee Lutes

Dealer in FEED, GRAIN AND HAY

Orders Given Prompt Attention. 107 MAIN AVENUE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Niagara Falls

AND RETURN

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1908

EXCURSION TICKETS good to return on regular trains until August 12, inclusive, will be sold at the following low rates:

	Regular Trains		Leave	Rate		Regular Trains		Leave	Rate
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.			A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Redstone Jc	7.35	4.11		$6 15	Courtney	7.34	11.08	8.24	$5 50
Smock	8.03	4.50		6 15	Elrama	7.42	11.16	8.33	5 50
West Brownsville	6.18	.....		5 90	West Elizabeth	7.47	11.21	8.38	5 50
Brownsville	6.30	10.00		5 80	Clairton	7.52	11.27	8.44	5 50
California	6.43	10.12		5 80	Wilson	7.56	11.31	8.48	5 50
Coal Centre	6.46	10.15		5 90	Coal Valley	6.18	11.34	8.50	5 50
Lucyville	6.50	10.22		5 90	Dravosburg	8.03	11.40	8.55	5 25
Allenport	6.55	10.28		5 90	Cochran	6.55	11.45	9 00	5 25
Belle Vernon	7.00	10.33		5 75	Oliver	8.10	11.48	9.03	5 25
Charleroi	7.06	10.38		5 75	Munhall	8.16	11.54	9.10	5 25
Lock No. 4	7.09	10.41		5 75	Homestead	8.20	11.58	9.14	5 00
Donora	7.18	10.51		5 75	Twelfth Street	8.32	12.12	pm 9.27	5 00
Monongahela City	7.29	11.02		5 50	Fourth Avenue	8.37	12.17	" 9.32	5 00

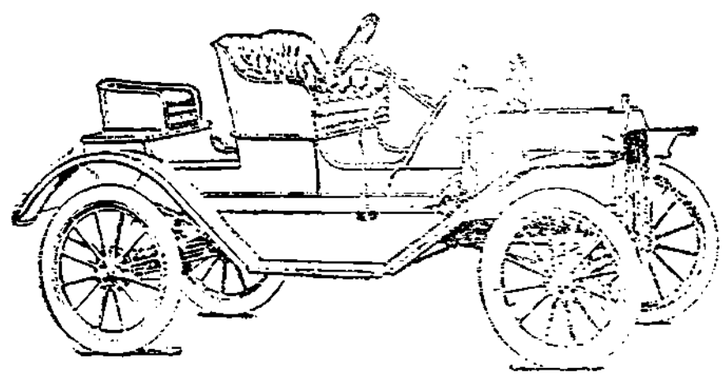
Passengers change at PITTSBURG to regular trains leaving Union Station 9.00 a. m., 1.10 p. m., and 11.00 p. m.

Electric Railway from the Falls to the Whirlpool

J. R. WOOD, Passenger Traffic Manager. GEO. W. BOYD, General Passenger Agent

FAMOUS FORD ROADSTER

Model S Price $750.00



FOUR CYLINDERS, 15-18 H. P.—40 MILES AN HOUR. 30 x 3 TIRES. EQUIPPED WITH 3 LAMPS, HORN AND STORAGE BATTERY.

Guards that entirely protect you from the mud.

This is the BEST Runabout FORD ever offered, and FORD always had the BEST for the money.

The FORD is built for hard service on American roads. Our demonstrations are not confined to Brussels Carpet tests, but we invite the most rigid scrutiny of every part. Write or phone for demonstration.

We have a good proposition to make to a live agent in your city. Write for particulars.

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AUGUST 10, 11

Thursday Ladies Admitted Free.